THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS
NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1863.

{ ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821. WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 2164. }

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TERMS:—CASH IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year,		$2,00
Four copies, "		6,00
Eight "	" and one to getter up of club	12,00
Twenty "	" and one to getter up of club	28,00

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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
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PARTING.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am sitting, idly sitting, where the twilight shades are flitting,
And the memory of the past is drawing round me like a spell.
Breathes the last tones of the nearest, the fondest and the dearest,
Still within my ear, in a tremulous fare well!

It is hard to think us parted—trusted—trusting—steel-true hearted,
And that many links may crumble from the lengthening chain of Time,
Ere my lips may feel thy pressing, or my hair the light caressing,
That have thrilled my heart with rapture and a love almost sublime.

Ah! our lives have twined together like the vines in sunny weather,
And we never thought to part until Death should break the chain,
With which golden love has bound us, weaving like a halo round us
Every thought and every feeling, grasping joys—ignoring pain.

Yet thou'rt gone! Thy Country calls thee, Faction's stormy cloud enthralls thee,
And I now no more may look into the blue depths of thine eyes!
Never hear thy loved voice stealing with its rich, deep freight of feeling,
On my ear in gentle murmurs, as the evening glory dies.

Life seems reft of every beauty—I have scarce a heart for duty,
As I sit here thinking, thinking of thee, darling—far away.
Tears are falling fast and faster! Heaven grant no dire disaster
May make the gloom eternal that is on my heart to-day!

Yet in all my pain and sorrow, could I call thee back to-morrow,
Dear, my lips should never breathe the words to hasten thy return!
Tho' I sit here sadly sobbing, with a heart so wildly throbbing,
I could never quench the sparks that on thy bosom's altar burn.

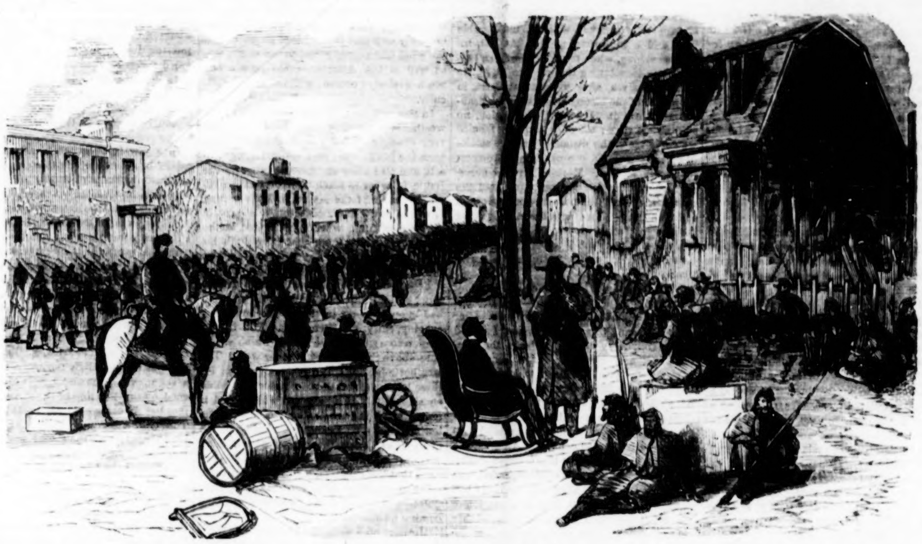
No! my soul may wander darkling—still I see the diamond sparkling
Of the star that yet shall dawn, to bid us hope for Peace once more,
And my heart leaps, e'en in sadness, like an infant in its gladness
To think how proud I'll greet thee, when the bloody strife is o'er.

I'll not think of death and slaughter—tinged with blood the crystal water
Of the purling streams that murmur through the forests of our land;
But of Banners proudly streaming, where the camp fires now are gleaming,
Hear the rolling shout of millions peal from Freedom's fearless band.

See I thee—bold, brave and daring, on thy manly forehead wearing
The shadow of a purpose strong as every pulse of life;
See thee strike the foe before thee, ev'n while rolling clouds sweep o'er thee,
Mid the clash of sword and sabre, in the hottest of the strife.

I would never have thee falter—better death or felon's halter,
Thou to see our cause defeated and a Nation bound in shame!
Were *I* a man, grim death should claim me, ere a coward's thoughts should shame me,
Or the stigma of inaction rest upon my manhood's fame!

Love, God have thee in His keeping ever, waking or in sleeping.
Every hour I breathe a prayer for our Country's cause and thee,
And I feel His love *will* fold thee, till my eyes again behold thee
In the flush of manly beauty and the pride of VICTORY!



HALT OF WILCOX'S TROOPS IN CAROLINE STREET, FREDERICKSBURG, PREVIOUS TO GOING INTO BATTLE.

The above, engraved expressly for THE POST from the N. Y. Illustrated News, represents the halt of one of the divisions in Fredericksburg, previous to the attack on the enemy's lines.

A DARK STORY.

[The following story is told in the last number of *Colburn's London Magazine.* What foundation in truth it has we know not:]

My name is Charles Whitfield, and I was born in 1817, in Berks county, Pennsylvania. After receiving an education at Lancaster, which might be called good for that day, I was apprenticed to a druggist at Philadelphia, but soon grew tired of that, and followed my inclination for the sea by entering aboard an East Indiaman. As it is not the purpose of this article to describe my cruising about the ocean, I will simply add that, at the beginning of the present civil war, I had the misfortune to see my own vessel burnt by the *Jefferson Davis* privateer, and was thus compelled to ship aboard the *Black Hawk*, a large New England clipper, as first mate. Could I but have foreseen what a melancholy occurrence would be connected with this ship, I would certainly have sooner gone before the mast in some other vessel than have enjoyed the comforts of a first officer on board of her.

After taking in a cargo of machinery and tea at Boston, we sailed across the Atlantic by the northern passage, and, after a three weeks' voyage, found ourselves between Dunnet Head and the Orkneys, whence we steered direct for the Skager Rack; after knocking about for some time in the Cattegat and the Baltic, we ran direct before a western breeze into the Gulf of Finland, and on the forty second day, after losing Cape Cod out of sight, we anchored under the batteries of Cronstadt. During the whole voyage I had but little opportunity of becoming acquainted with the master, Mr. Morton, who proved himself a first-rate seaman, but a merciless tyrant to the crew, because the second mate was taken ill soon after we sailed, and I was constantly on duty. Only this much I noticed, that the demon lurked behind his scowling gray eyes, and that he cared little for human lives. When other vessels shortened sail in stormy weather, he would spread all the canvas he could, not caring whether a man fell overboard or not when aloft. During a thick fog in Pentland straits, a fishing smack only escaped from being run down by the steerer letting the *Black Hawk* fall off half a point, and Morton flew at the man like a tiger for altering his course, and said that if the smack had been sunk it would have served the crew right for lying in his track. Soon after this occurrence an old sailor, who stated that he had known the master for a long time, imparted to me that he had formerly gone by the name of Howard, and had been mixed up in the well known mutiny on board the United States brig *Somers;* after that he obtained a commission in the newly-formed German navy, and he, the sailor, had lost him entirely out of sight, until, to his surprise, he recognized him on the quarter-deck of the *Black Hawk.* Morton in truth, looked as if he had led an adventurous life; his weather-beaten, deeply-furrowed face gave evidence of violent passions, and when he had been drinking he made the ship a very hell for the crew. Under such circumstances I naturally kept very quiet with him, and attended to the strict performance of my duty. Hence, I was not sorry when, immediately after our arrival at Cronstadt, he went with the next steamer to St. Petersburg, and left me to unload the cargo and settle with the custom-house officers. During his absence we all breathed freely, and these days were certainly the pleasantest that I spent aboard the *Black Hawk.*

A broker, who had business on board the ship, told me that Morton, who had formerly been engaged at Sebastopol in raising the sunken men-of-war, was applying to the Russian Admiralty for an appointment in the navy, but his services had been declined, for, although his merits were fully recognized, it was feared that he might act too independently—an experience which the imperial government had only too often made with Americans.

At length, after fourteen days' absence, Morton again appeared on board, but in a very bad temper, which he explained by the fact that he could obtain no back freight for the United States: he was therefore resolved to sail to Copenhagen in spite of the advanced season, where he expected letters from his owners, and also hoped to obtain a cargo for St. Thomas. We therefore set sail towards the end of October, and slowly beat down to the Sound against contrary winds. During this trip, Morton became more familiar with me, while his behavior to the crew was much milder: he rarely cursed, and, more rarely still, threatened them with the rope's end. As the second mate, who was suffering from an incurable disease of the lungs, and pined for his green Vermont mountains, still kept his bed, Morton was thrown on me for company, and became remarkably communicative. I was amazed at the multitude of events of which he had been witness, and could not sufficiently admire his knowledge of languages. He gave me to understand that for a long time he had not stood on the best of terms with the United States marshals, and had therefore preferred to try his fortune in European waters, for which the wars and revolutions had given him abundant opportunities. It was not till the outbreak of the civil war that he returned to the New England States, and being supported by the influence of a Senator, to whose son he had once rendered a service, he obtained the command of the *Black Hawk.*

After an eleven days' voyage, we at length cast anchor close under the Three Crown Battery at Copenhagen, and Morton, who had told me that he knew the city well from former times, at once went ashore to look up old friends and fetch his letters. He came aboard again the next morning in rather a desponding mood, and told me that it would be difficult to obtain a freight for St. Thomas or the West Indies, as the merchants gave a preference to the neutral flag on account of the war. Besides, his owners had sent him instructions, if possible, not to take any cargo for the United States on account of the Southern privateers; if he did not succeed in getting a cargo in the Baltic for some European port, he was to sail to Southampton, where he would find further instructions. He added—and as he spoke a dark shadow flitted across his wrinkled forehead—that he had met some old friends ashore, and that, if I and the crew were the right sort of fellows, we might do a profitable stroke of business.

"Do you not think, Charley," he continued, confidentially, "that our *Black Hawk* has famous ribs, and that her keel is as strong as that of a frigate? We may possibly be beset in the ice this winter, and I therefore think it will be as well to order some carpenters from Nyholm to strengthen our bows."

These and similar remarks of Morton's the more struck me, because I considered the strengthening of our bows a perfectly needless expense, while the master usually displayed an almost dangerous parsimony in providing for the ship's wants. Moreover, the *Black Hawk* was as strong as wood and iron could possibly make her, for all the New England clippers are built of the best materials.

Towards evening two gentlemen came on board, who reminded me of our Broadway dandies. They greeted Morton in a very friendly manner, and, after the customary remarks, followed him to the cabin, where he shut himself in with them. At the expiration of two hours they left the ship, and Morton, whom I had never before seen so polite, accompanied them to the side ladder; then he walked up to me, and said that he had been discussing with his visitors a very important affair, which he might hereafter impart to me, if I promised an inviolable silence.

The next day, as Morton readily granted me leave, I quietly strolled about the streets of Copenhagen, in order to have a look at the curiosities. On this and the following days I frequently fell in with Danish sailors, who like to spin a yarn over a mug of beer and a Dutch pipe. As the majority of them spoke English and German, I could get along with them famously. The subject of conversation was generally the impending war with Germany, which country they most cordially hated. Prussia, they said, who had betrayed her own countrymen and allies in the last war, was now daring to utter warlike threats, and arrogantly pointed to her newly rising navy. If the merchants of Hamburg and Bremen were to use such language respect would be felt for them, as they were practical men, who would equip good men-o'-war and appoint officers who had seen service, but the wind-bags at Dantzig understood as much about the sea as a donkey did of playing the harpsichord. I am sorry that I did not take down in my journal all their remarks about the Prussians and their naval system. As I had myself once served aboard a man-o'-war, such arrangements as they told me existed in the Prussian navy, appeared to me most impracticable, even ridiculous; in any case, the manœuvres of a parade-ground are not adapted for the quarter-deck of a frigate, and if such a system be carried on for any length of time mischief cannot fail to come from it.

Morton, who now became extraordinarily communicative with me, and frequently took me ashore with him, seemed to have given up all hopes of obtaining a freight, and as the second mate grew worse and worse, he ordered me to take more ballast on board in order to make the ship heavier. The *Black Hawk*, in truth, when not loaded, was too high out of the water, which is dangerous in stormy weather, especially when a ship is clipper-rigged, as ours was. Morton also had the bowsprit strengthened by stays, whose construction he superintended on a plan of his own; the cutwater was also covered with heavy oak planks, and, in short, preparations were made as if we were about to sail directly for the Arctic Ocean. When I asked Morton for what purpose he had these alterations made, he laughed equivocally, and said:—"Charley, you must not be so curious: when the time comes, you will be thankful to me for sharpening our *Hawk's* beak, for it will soon require it." As he gave no answer to my further questions, but did everything to gain my good opinion, I paid no further attention to the matter. We sailors are thorough careless fellows, who do not care to bother our brains—and is not the captain absolute lord aboard his ship, and not responsible to any one? Still I noticed with surprise that the two gentlemen to whom I previously referred came continually on board, and that Morton showed the alterations he had effected on the bowsprit to his own and their satisfaction. These gentlemen were neither sailors nor ship-builders, as could be seen by their hands. I instinctively suspected them, and could almost say with Shakspeare:

> By the pricking of my thumbs,
> Something wicked this way comes.

One afternoon as I was admiring the equestrian statue of Christian V. in the New Market, I felt a gentle tap on my shoulder. On turning round, I noticed a Danish sailor whose acquaintance I had formed. He offered me his stick of Cavendish, and said cheerily:

"Well, messmate, if you would like to see a real Prussian man-o'-war, come across with me to Amager Island; the *Amazone* corvette is just coming in. You need not be in a great hurry, though, for she is as slow as a snail."

As I had nothing else to do I accepted the offer, and we were soon in Christianshaven, whence we reached a point from which the approaching vessel could be observed. In truth, had not the old sailor told me that the *Amazone* was a man-of-war, and had I not seen the ports, I could have scarce believed her to be such. Disproportionally tall masts, set in a hull which more resembled an oblong wash tub than a smart corvette, loose shrouds, and the running rigging so far from taut that it offended a seaman's eye—all this necessarily produced no great notion of her efficiency. She tacked slowly with a moderate breeze, and the manœuvres were excessively slow, and showed a want of hands. My old friend, however, explained to me that she was a training ship, and had but few old sailors on board, as the duty was performed by half-grown cadets.

After watching the *Amazone* for a while, we returned to Christianshaven, and continued our conversation over a glass of grog. Towards evening I went on board, where I did not find Morton. I gave the boatswain and the sail-master some orders, and then went to my state-room, in order to make up the ship's log book, and record the events of the day in my journal, as I regularly did. While hard at my writing I was disturbed by a noise, and heard the steward introduce two strangers into the cabin, where they wished to wait for the master. At first I paid but little attention to this circumstance, till I recognized by their voices that they were Morton's mysterious visitors. As I was close to them, merely separated by a wooden partition, I could understand every word they said. They purposely spoke in German, because they conjectured that not one of the crew understood that language; they had no idea that I was close to them, or that, as a Pennsylvanian by birth, I could understand every word. When I heard the name of the *Amazone* used in connexion with Morton, I became doubly attentive, and tried to imprint on my memory, if not every word, at least the precise meaning. One of the men had an unpleasant, sharp dialect, and so I will call him the Croaker; the other spoke benevolently and unctuously, like a minister, and so I will call him the Lisper.

"My dearest friend," the Croaker began, "when did you see the baron last?"

"Not since the day before yesterday," the Lisper replied, "at Friedensborg, where he had a long conversation with the Countess ——— with reference to our matter. He told me that the lady seemed very well satisfied, and if we carried out our enterprise through Morton, and managed to keep the matter perfectly quiet, we could not fail to obtain the Dannebrog order. The baron also added that his court could not interfere further, and had done enough in placing the Nyholm docks at our disposal. Herr Hall is too honorable, and if he were to hear anything of the affair he would put Morton in irons."

"Herr Hall is a bourgeois parvenu, and has no noble feelings; he ought to know that the new creation of the navy is a thorn in the eye of our party, and that we only see in it a manœuvre of the democracy, by which to hurl good old feudal Prussia into the vortex of the revolution. Hence it is my opinion that Danish statesmen ought to greet with pleasure any event that prevents our king and prince from creating a navy, even if they decline connivance. For, as the interests of Denmark can never allow Prussia to become a maritime power, and as the feudal party in our country sees a dangerous change in it, both parties are served if we nip it in the bud.

"You are perfectly right in that, but this Lieutenant Herrmann, of the *Amazone*, is said to be coquetting with the liberal party; he has even refused to go to sea because the ship is no longer seaworthy, and he will not accept the responsibility of the lives of the cadets; only detailed instructions from Berlin will induce him to do so."

"What an instinct these men have!"

"In truth, friend, we are engaging on this occasion in the most daring but most honorable diplomacy, for thus to serve the good cause privily, and give the democratic institutions a blow from which they will not easily recover, is an incomparable deed, and receiving an order for such services is far more honorable than for mere court duties. I am only anxious about one thing, lest the coup may miss, and the king or the prince get wind of it. Although his majesty is thoroughly wearied about the navy business, still he would be furious, and regard our well-meant services as anything but loyal, and act accordingly."

"Do not be at all alarmed, my excellent friend. Morton is warmly recommended to us from St. Petersburg, and is most certainly the man to keep his word. Moreover, he is entirely in our hands, as he will only receive the other half of the stipulated reward when the deed is done. But silence—I think that he is coming!"

At this moment I heard Morton cursing tremendously, because the deck-watch had placed no lantern at the side ropes; he seemed to have been drinking, and walked noisily into his cabin, where the strangers were awaiting him. I quickly blew out my light, got into my berth, and pretended to be asleep.

"At last!" one of the gentlemen said in German. "We were beginning to think that Mr. Morton had altered his mind."

"An honorable man keeps his word," Morton replied. "But, before we say any more, allow me a moment to see whether we are all safe."

Soon after the door of my state-room opened, and Morton looked cautiously in with a light to see whether I was asleep. I naturally behaved as if the very trumpets of Jericho could not wake me, and snored like an Irishman who had his cargo of whiskey aboard. Morton withdrew quite satisfied.

The conversation in the cabin went on in whispers, but I soon understood that they were talking about money. I heard the rustling of bank-notes, and Morton say, sulkily, "Well, here are ten one hundred pound notes, all right, but how does it stand with the draft?"

"Here it is," the croaking gentleman whispered. "When you have faithfully fulfilled the conditions, you can at once draw at sight upon our London bankers for the other thousand."

"The bargain is settled. That will do," Morton replied. "I only desire one thing, that we may find thoroughly stormy weather in the German Ocean, for if it blow hard, and anything happens, suspicion will not be so easily aroused."

"The pilots of Elsinore say," the lisping gentleman remarked, "that it is always stormy at this season in the Cattegat and German Ocean. By-the-by, when do you sail?"

"We can go to sea to-morrow morning or afternoon," Morton answered, "as everything is ready. We shall soon catch up the old snail, or, at any rate, she will anchor off Kronenburg, when we can have a nearer look at her. At daybreak I will have all clear, and we shall soon be in the Sound with the present favorable current. But come, gentlemen, a parting glass. Hallo, steward!" he shouted. "What, you rascal, are you asleep already? I'll break every bone in your carcase."

Soon after I heard the rattling of glasses and the popping of champagne corks, and Morton proposed bold toasts, which were quietly responded to by the other gentlemen. They drank to a successful result, and then parted. Shortly after the master came into my state-room, shook me out of my apparent sleep, and told me that the anchor must be a-peak by daybreak, as the Elsinore pilot would come aboard during the night.

It was the morning of the 3d of November, when the sun dispersed the dense fog, and illumined the roads of Elsinore with its beams. The wind had turned during the night, and a fresh breeze now blew from south-east to south. The numerous vessels which had been waiting for favorable weather to pass from the Sound into the Cattegat took advantage of the opportunity, and set every inch of sail. Morton, who came on deck by daybreak, constantly consulted the barometer, and expressed his opinion that the fine weather would not last long. "The Prussian, there," he added, pointing to the tall masts of the *Amazone*, "must know better, though, for he is making his preparations to put out to sea. If he ventures it with his wash-tub, our clipper need not feel alarmed. So, all hands on deck. Mr. Whitfield, have the anchor run up quick. Why do you delay? Do not set too much sail, though, for we wish to remain in the Prussian's track: you see, he is as slow as a German stage-coach."

Ere long we were under weigh, the *Black Hawk* obeyed her helm splendidly, and moved at a moderate rate over the rippling sea. Now we were able to see the superiority of the American art of ship-building. While the other vessels did their best, and had set all sail, we had spread scarce a third of our canvas, and yet we caught up, in a very short time, the clumsy colliers, galliots, and other short built ships. We only left the *Amazone* ahead of us, who sailed better than the others; but for all that, badly enough for a man-of-war. When we reached Kullen's Point we had left most of the ships behind us. Towards evening the Swedish coast disappeared from sight, and when it became dark we could distinctly see the green and red lights of the Prussian ahead of us. Morton gave the man at the wheel and the watch the strictest orders to keep the *Amazone* in sight, and then went down to the cabin. Soon after he sent the steward to summon me. I found him sitting in deep thought at the table with his head resting on his hand.

"Charley," he said, "I sent for you to have a little chat, for it is not pleasant to be all alone with one's thoughts."

After saying this, he pushed a box of Turkish tobacco over to me, and told me to fill my pipe, as he himself did. Then he ordered the steward to mix a strong bowl of punch, sent him away, and filled the glasses. I silently took a seat opposite, and while waiting for what was coming, I veiled myself in the blue clouds of Latakia.

He emptied his glass at a draught, as if trying to give himself courage, and his usually so stern eyes assumed a milder expression. Then he began as follows:—

"Charley, I am well aware that you distrust me, and that much in my conduct appears enigmatical to you; still, when you have heard the history of my past life, the shadows of my character will not surprise you. More than twenty years ago I was a midshipman on board the United States brig *Somers*, and as happy and careless as a young man can be. There the devil tempted me, and I mixed myself up in the mutiny which the son of the secretary of the navy at that time brought about. Severe discipline and bad treatment caused us to take this step. Of course you remember the facts? The *Somers* was the fastest vessel in the whole navy, and was afterwards capsized by a squall off Vera Cruz, during the Mexican war. The mutiny was discovered, the leaders were summarily hanged, and I and several others taken in irons to New York. There I succeeded in escaping from Governor's Island, and getting on board a Bremen ship in the Narrows, which was bound for Rio. From that time I knocked about every sea, for of course I was obliged to avoid the states. I brought many a freight of living ebony from the African coast to Cuba, and lost many thousand dollars at the Havannah at monte. I constantly sank deeper, for, as the French say, 'Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute.' Daring and lucky in the trade as I was, I was no longer inclined to trade for the lazy Dons, but equipped, at the price of all I had in the world, a Baltimore clipper, and safely reached the Cuban coast with five hundred of the finest niggers, my own property. Fate decreed, however, that one of those accursed government steamers, which are always sniffing round Key West, came across me. If we had had a decent breeze I should have got away and landed my cargo all right, but a dead calm suddenly set in, and I was only too glad to escape ashore with my crew in the boats. The man-of-war seized my vessel and the slaves; thus I again became a poor man, and I had hardly enough money left to keep me for a few weeks at the Havannah. I would now have gladly returned to New Orleans, where I fancied that I was less known, when I read in the *New York Herald* the report of the capture of my vessel, in which it was also mentioned that her captain was, in all probability, the runaway mutineer from the *Somers*, who had now escaped his legal punishment for the second time. Alarmed by this article, I gave up for the time all hope of returning to my native land. In the same paper I read a long report about the new formation of a German navy, and that able-bodied seamen were required for it. As I had every reason to consider myself such, and was also resolved to begin an entirely new course of life, in a country where I was unknown, I hastened to Germany, where, by the aid of testimonials which my old friends the Dons gave me, I soon obtained my appointment as officer on board one of the new men-of-war in course of equipment. I certainly had now only as many dollars as I before had doubloons, but I felt cheered by the fact that I had again become a respectable member of society. I also knew that if the new navy were really intended to fight the Danish men-of-war, which were at that time threatening the German coasts, I should have plenty of opportunities to distinguish myself, for you know, Charley, that I had often before looked death in the face without winking. In this expectation I did my duty quietly, and gained an excellent name as an instructor. Once at Bremenhaven I came across an old comrade, but he luckily took no notice of me, as he did not recognize me in my uniform. As we lay at anchor, inactive in the Weser, we had of course plenty of spare time, and employed it in making country excursions. On one of these I formed the acquaintance of a clergyman's daughter. I managed to gain her affections, and, in spite of her father's opposition, she became my wife. Charley, I tell you, at that time I was very happy, and I believe, too, on the best way to become an honest fellow."

At this point Morton was interrupted, for Brown, the boatswain, thrust his shock head into the cabin and hurriedly summoned us on deck. I took a passing glance at the barometer, and noticed that the mercury had fallen tremendously. On reaching deck we found the sky pitch dark, not a star was to be seen, and only the red and green lights of the Prussian gleamed at intervals. In the perfect calm the sails flapped against the masts, and a faint streak of lightning over the rocky coasts of Sweden warned us that a storm was coming up, as so often happens in these latitudes on the approach of the cold season. This time, however, it was no ordinary storm, with the thin zig-zag lines of northern lightning, but it resembled in violence those thunder-storms which cause terror in the tropics. We took in all sail, home to the double reefed fore topsail and fore topmast staysail, or just enough canvas for the ship to answer the helm, and waited for what might come. Suddenly the tempest hurtled above our heads, and the sky was for several hours one incessant sheet of fire, until the pouring rain extinguished its gleaming lights.

Morton was standing by my side on the quarter deck, and pointing with his telescope to the Prussian corvette, which displayed its outline on the fiery sky about half a mile from us: it was a truly demoniacal sight, worthy of the Flying Dutchman. The *Amazone*, like our ship, displayed almost bare spars. Still she seemed to roll on the now excited sea like a drunken man, which was evidently the result of her bad build, while our ship heeled over gracefully on her larboard side. Towards morning, Morton went below, after giving me strict orders not to lose sight of the vessel ahead of us; for this purpose I went on the forecastle and ordered my night glass to be brought me. My task was the easier because the *Amazone* was obliged to leave the Skagener Reef six miles to leeward, like ourselves. Mr. Brown joined me, made a few remarks about the sudden storm, and declared that if he had not known we were in the Cattegat, he should have fancied himself in the Gulf Stream, in the middle of the Florida Channel.

"What is the master up to," he continued, "with that confounded Prussian? I am afraid no good. If we had set more sail we should have passed him long ago; the master is not usually so timid about a couple of spars or a little damage—besides, we are well insured."

"Heaven and Morton only know that," I made answer. "You may be right. Still, Mr. Brown, you know the act of Congress by which the crew are compelled, under heavy punishment, to obey the captain's orders unhesitatingly; he alone must bear the responsibility."

The boatswain went aft with a mysterious air, and whistling "Yankee Doodle," and I saw him, the carpenter, and several others, putting their heads together. In the meanwhile dawn had arrived, and the gray clouds were slowly dispersed by the beams of the rising sun. As the horizon grew gradually clearer, we could distinctly see, about two miles from us, the Prussian corvette drifting ahead of us under bare poles; she had lost a topgallant-mast during the storm, probably by a lightning stroke. The sea ran hollow, the wind had got round more to the east, and about six miles from us the waves were breaking on the dunes of a desolate sandy coast. While I was surveying this anything but pleasing prospect through my telescope, Morton came up to me, and pointing to the *Amazone*, said:

"Well, Charley, I thank you for not losing sight of our comrade there. The fellow has been hard hit, and the lightning has smashed a topgallant-mast for him; that comes from the guns attracting the electric current. Such children ought not to be trusted with guns; if they had put tarpaulin over them they would have escaped."

It now began to blow much harder, and the territory point of the Skagener Reef constantly drew nearer to us. That is a perfect cemetery for ships; with the telescope we could distinctly make out the blackened skeletons of the wrecks high up on the sand, and lashed by the waves at high tide. Here it was that Nelson, after carrying off the Danish fleet from Copenhagen, lost his badly-manned prizes in a south-east storm; here, too, Peter the Great, on his voyage from Saardam to Petersburg, was stranded, and only saved his life with difficulty. The other vessels which had left Elsinore with us were all out of sight, and we were struggling alone with the *Amazone* to steer clear of this point so dangerous to sailors with an unfavorable wind and a high running sea. At last, towards evening, when the long northern twilight was threatening to turn into night, we found ourselves, after many short tacks, in the mouth of the Skagener Rack, as the Scandinavians call it. Except the Prussian, no ship was in sight; the only thing we fancied we could see in the distance was the smoke of an eastern bound steamer. The barometer pointed to stormy. Morton gave the necessary instructions for the night, ordered the man at the wheel not to let the corvette out of sight, and invited me into the cabin. After the steward had again prepared punch for us, and the smoke of the Turkish tobacco once more surrounded us, he continued his narrative:

"Charley, when I have once laid bare my heart to you, you will see what a just cause I have to track that accursed Prussian. After what happened to me in Germany, I should like to sink every vessel that bears the hateful black and white flag. You know how happy I was with my Mary, and how I had begun a new life! Our whole anxiety on board the newly-established fleet was to produce something respectable, and the foreigners wished to prove themselves grateful children to their adopted country. All at once a dull rumor spread that the German Parliament, on which our existence depended, was broken up by the Princes, and the latter had resolved to destroy the navy as a creation of the revolution. Men whispered to each other that we should soon be discharged, and the fleet sold by auction. Our admiral, whom we all esteemed, made several journeys in order to prevent the catastrophe through his representations; but he came back with sad looks, and we read in his eyes that our fate was decided. This broke his heart, and, as I have since heard, he soon after died of grief. The mutiny, in which I thoughtlessly took part as a young man on board the *Somers*, was certainly illegal, but if we had resisted in the present case, right would have been on our side. Unfortunately, the promises which we secretly made each other led to no result, because we had imparted our plans to a false brother, a Scotchman, who had been before suspected, because he had run ashore and lost a large steamer bought in England for the fleet. He betrayed the still unripe conspiracy to an influential leader of the reactionary party, through whom the admiral, who knew nothing of these facts, was induced to take such measures as stopped the execution of our plan. Soon after our arrears were paid us, and we were discharged. The little money I received was soon spent, and I was obliged to go to England to look for a fresh situation. My poor wife, who was expecting her confinement, was obliged to remain in a little town on the Weser, where I had hired apartments for her in the house of a respectable but poor family. During my absence the police, under orders from Berlin, burst into her room, examined her scanty property and my papers, and found nothing. In consequence of the fright, a miscarriage was brought on, and she and her child died. Charley, I tell you, I never felt in my life as I did on receiving the news. I swore to avenge myself, and I believe that vengeance is within my grasp; it is there for me while others will bear the guilt and the cost."

Here we were interrupted by a sudden noise, and the shout and stamping of the men on deck. We both hurried up, and found that the violence of the wind had torn our fore-topsail. The damage was not considerable, and was soon repaired; the ship was laid more to the north, and the watch were stringently ordered not to lose sight of the Prussian, which was now rising and sinking in the trough of the sea. We then went below again.

"Believe me, Charley," Morton said, "the more stormy the elements grow, the happier I feel. A wild delight comes over me when the storm rages, for it harmonises so well with my passions. Long live the tempest!" With these words he swallowed a bumper of the fiery liquid. "Ah," he continued, "if my wife still lived, I should be another man, but now I am forced back into my wild, desperate courses, and my better feelings are deadened. After various changes of fortune, I at length went back to America, where I could reckon with tolerable certainty on not being recognized; and Senator ——, for whom I had fetched many a cargo of niggers from the African coast while he was the partner of a Spanish Don at the Havannah, though he was now the loudest brawler among the abolitionists, gave me, out of friendship, or perhaps through fear, lest I should blow on him, the command of the *Black Hawk*. In Petersburg I met with an old acquaintance, a Prussian, who had formerly known me in the German navy, where he was a commissary of war. He gave me letters of introduction to two German noblemen in Copenhagen, and they were the two persons with whom I had such repeated conferences."

At this moment our vessel groaned again, through a tremendous sea striking her on the larboard quarter, and our presence on deck became necessary. The wind had so heightened during our conversation that we were compelled to exercise the greatest caution in tacking, so as not to lose a sail. This part of the North Sea, which is usually called the Skager Rack, is often visited by powerful currents, which render the sea even more turbulent. Towards morning, when the whitish-yellow fog cleared off a little, and we could survey the horizon, we also saw the *Amazone*. Morton had for a long time been seeking her with his telescope, and a smile of satisfaction played over his bronzed face when he saw her heaving and tossing in the trough of the sea. She seemed to be laboring heavily; evidently answered her helm badly, and her tall masts oscillated, owing to the looseness of the shrouds. Farther away a few sails were in sight, but we could not make out what they were. When the sun rose higher, the wind slackened a little, and we were enabled to set the mizen sail, so that the *Black Hawk* heeled over gracefully, and cut through the high waves. This day passed without any further incidents; there were certainly now and then violent gusts, but as the wind had veered round to the north, we, as well as the *Amazone*, could pursue our south-westerly course without much difficulty.

In this way several days passed over; the weather was certainly stormy and the wind very changeable, but still it generally blew from the north. We met many sailing vessels, and also a few steamers, steering for the Baltic, in order to reach their destination before the close of the season, and the setting in of the heavy frost. Morton was most of the time on deck, whence he looked at the Prussian and the other vessels through his glass. So soon as a fresh sail appeared on the horizon, he cursed savagely; it seemed as if he saw in it a witness of his criminal design; still no ship took notice of us, as each had enough to do in the hollow sea. One evening, early in November, he drew my attention to a small white cloud, which scarce rose above the horizon in the far west. The weather might be called relatively warm for these latitudes, and the barometer had fallen considerably. As a rule, this white cloud is only seen in the tropics, and is always the harbinger of a hurricane or a whirlwind. All of us aboard knew the danger, and nothing was neglected to make all snug; we also noticed that the Prussian, who was about three miles to windward of us, showed equally bare poles—a proof that he was awaiting the coming hurricane.

Morton and I were standing on the quarter-deck, when Mr. Brown came up to us, and remarked that he had not expected to see this white cloud in the North Sea, just as little as he had that tremendous storm in the Cattegat. "We shall soon have the tempest upon us," he remarked, as he looked windward to the horizon, which was now black as pitch, and distinctly showed the lines of the white capped waves. "Shall we take in the trysails, captain?"

"I really think we shall have a tornado," Morton replied, as he stepped off the weather gangway, where he had hitherto been standing, and wiped the spray from his face. "I also notice that the glass has fallen remarkably. Take in all the small sails aloft, and so soon as the staysail is drawn taught, run down the gaff and bring home the spanker; one watch, I think, will be sufficient for the present, for we will not tire our men too much, as they may require all their strength."

"Ay, ay, sir," Brown answered, as the master walked away. "I could swear that he doesn't trouble himself much about it; at least, he looked so when he left the gangway."

"That is his manner: the more the elements threaten, the more daring his glances become."

After supper the new watch was called on deck, and the master gave me orders, which I punctually obeyed. I had to post in the bows a half bred sailor from Canada, with strict orders not to lose sight of the Prussian corvette. Soublette, that was his name, had the best eyes aboard.

"Now, Mr. Whitfield, we will make all snug for the night. Reef the fore-topsail and mainsail properly; those, with the foresail, the fore staysail, and trysail, are all that we can carry."

During the first watch the tempest became much fiercer. Heavy drops of rain were mingled with the spray, distant thunder rolled to windward, and from time to time sharp flashes of lightning darted through the gloom. The watch below slept carelessly, confiding in their comrades on deck. But the night was frightful, and Morton, myself, and the officer of the watch, did not leave the deck for a moment, as our presence was absolutely necessary.

At six in the morning the tempest had reached its height. The lightning traversed the firmament in all directions, and the thunder overpowered the howling of the wind as it blew through the rigging. The sea beat violently against our bows, and dashed along as far as the quarter-deck, as the *Black Hawk* laboriously rose out of the water.

"If this goes on much longer, we shall be obliged to lower the foresail entirely, and trust to the main staysail," I said to the captain.

"I really believe we must," Morton remarked. "But look, day is breaking. Let us wait awhile."

Then he ordered the man at the wheel to let the ship fall off a little. With increasing daylight, and as the storm grew worse rather than better, Morton was on the point of giving the necessary orders to lower the foresail, when Soublette, who was standing at the lee-gangway, suddenly shouted, "A sail to leeward!"

"A sail to leeward, sir," I immediately reported to Morton, as I held on by one hand to a rope, and touched my hat with the other.

"Fetch me my glass from the cabin directly," he said to one of the sailors. "I trust that it is our old companion."

"It is no very large vessel, and hardly half as heavy as ours," I said, after climbing up some half-dozen rattlins.

The sailor brought the glass, and the captain, after passing his arm round a thick rope, in order to fall to leeward through the rolling of the ship, and getting the stranger into a focus, which was no easy matter, exclaimed,

"By Jupiter! it is the Prussian, but in a very bad state."

Other glasses were fetched, and Morton's opinion was confirmed by all.

"Let the foresail stand, Mr. Brown; we will run down to the corvette at once."

The *Black Hawk* fell off a little, dashed through the trough of the sea, and rapidly approached the stranger: in less than half an hour we were within a mile of the *Amazone*.

It was easy to see, even without the help of a telescope, that the people aboard the Prussian corvette, which had lost both mizen and mainmast, were making every possible effort to rig a jury-mast, for which, however, their strength seemed to fail them. They did not dare lower their foresail, as the corvette would not stir without any sail upon her, and the last remaining mast would have rolled overboard, but without some sail at the stern it was impossible to keep her head to the wind, and hence she fell off a couple of points, and was at the mercy of the waves, although the man at the wheel certainly did his duty.

In a few minutes we were within three cables' length of the Prussian, and our ship trembled under the enormous pressure of sail. The wind howled, the sea raged, the thunder deafened, and the lightning blinded. The Almighty was present in all His majesty, but a furious human passion occupied Morton's heart. He sprang up the rattlins in order to convince himself that no sail was in sight, and came down again satisfied. With a furious glance at the helpless corvette, he bade the man at the wheel go to the devil, and seized the spokes with his powerful hand. The rain, which had before fallen vertically, now dashed into our faces, so that every object was concealed by the spray. We heard a shout, which, however, was almost deadened by the howling of the storm, and saw that the *Amazone* suddenly ported her helm. Too late! a blow, a crash, a cry of terror, which rose above the raging tempest! Our bow had caught her exactly in the centre, smashing in the bulwarks, the netting, and a part of the aft-deck. Then our bow rose again, lifted by a mighty wave, and rode for a second on the bursting wreck. Our weight had broken her spine, and the two halves of the hapless ship sank in a second in the yawning deep. At the spot where she disappeared another mighty wave rose, and, as it broke, forced beneath the surface any living beings who were trying to save themselves.

The blow had hurled me and nearly the whole watch on to the deck, and Morton alone held on convulsively to the wheel. The other half the crew, who were asleep below, started up in terror, and the confusion did not cease until the captain, who was still standing at the wheel, gave the necessary orders in a voice of thunder. Morton then surrendered the wheel to an old steady sailor, and hurried to the bows, while the carpenter went into the hold to see if we had any leak. The damage was not so great as we had at first supposed: the bowsprit, which, with its supports, weighed twelve tons, was certainly seriously injured, and snapped in two in the middle, but our bows, owing to the reinforcement they had received at Copenhagen, were not so damaged as might have been concluded from the violence of the blow. The thick oak boards had done their duty, and protected the cutwater. The carpenter, too, soon returned on deck, and reported that the ship was quite sound.

As there was no sign of a leak, we soon cleared away with our axes the wreck of the bowsprit, and nailed tarpaulin over the holes in the bulwarks, so that we were soon able to lay on our course again. As Morton saw that our crew were putting their heads together, and exchanging opinions as to the recent catastrophe, he ordered one-half below again, the others such occupations that they could not well converse together. Then he called me to the back of the quarter-deck, made some remarks about the now visibly subsiding storm, and then said:

"Charley, you are the only man on board who can perhaps judge correctly of my conduct this morning: you alone know the motives of a deed which must appear to all the rest an unfortunate accident. I beg, nay, I demand your inviolable silence. The law cannot touch me; remember that I am your captain, and that the regulations of Congress render my position unassailable."

With these words he turned away, carelessly took up a telescope, and surveyed the horizon, to see whether any sail were in sight. I went down to my cabin in a very desponding mood, and up to the present day I have been silent about a deed which was suggested by selfishness and revenge, and whose victims are eternally covered by the rolling waves.

So far the remarkable narrative of Charles Whitfield. Although we are not responsible for its truth, we thought it right to produce this explanation of a still mysterious and terrible catastrophe, for it reached us from a most trustworthy source. We may, at the same time, mention a few facts confirming the statement of our reporter to a certain extent. The Margate and Deal hovellers spoke openly of the affair at the time, because they hailed a large Yankee clipper, with broken bowsprit and damaged bows, in the Channel, and their help was very roughly declined. Any one who lived in New York last winter will also know that it was publicly stated in all the coffee-houses on the Bowery and elsewhere that the *Amazone* was run down in the North Sea by an American, who had been bribed to do so in Copenhagen. A sailor, now stationed at Fort Monroe, on board the Federal fleet, also described the catastrophe to the German soldiers there. The American press, too, noticed the circumstance, and the report can be easily found by a little search in the shipping intelligence of last year.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1863.

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MURFREESBORO.

The battle of Murfreesboro—for the three great contests on different days, were really only parts of one great battle—must take its rank among the principal conflicts of the war.

The advantage at first was so greatly on the side of the rebels, that their commander, Bragg—of late somewhat under a cloud in their estimation—in the exuberance of his joy, and true to his name, telegraphed to Richmond that he had won a victory. And we see it stated that on the night of Wednesday's battle, some of our own generals supposed Rosecrans would retreat. But he never entertained such an idea. After the rebels were gone, he was complimented for his tenacity. "Yes," said he, "I suppose you know Bragg is a good dog, but Hold fast is a better." His troops now call him "Old Hold-fast," a title that will probably stick to him forever.

When the crisis of the conflict came, the cause of the Union fortunately had in the right place the right man to meet it. And the victorious and yelling legions of the rebels, were met by fresh columns, and forced to fly back into their lines—such of them as were able—even more rapidly than they left them.

The result was the evacuation of Murfreesboro by let-go Bragg, and the retreat of his troops to Shelbyville. In justice to them it must be said that their retreat seems to have been made in good order—and they claim to have carried with them, as the result of their first successes, "4,000 prisoners, 5,000 stand of small arms, and 24 pieces of cannon."

But not the less were they defeated. And that defeat will be more important to the Union cause than the capture of tens of thousands of prisoners, and hundreds of pieces of artillery, if it succeeds in giving us East Tennessee—from which loyal country, the *Richmond Examiner* says, General Rosecrans could not, once in possession, be driven by 200,000 men.

The Richmond papers are not a little severe upon Gen. Bragg for his failure to defeat Rosecrans—though he really did the best he could, and made a very good fight of it. The *Dispatch* ironically says that "*retired*" is the "fashionable phrase" on their side in such cases, as "a change of base" is on ours. While the *Richmond Examiner* vents its impatience and disappointment as follows:—

> So far the news has come in what may be called the classical style of the South-West. When the South-Western army fights a battle, we first hear that it has gained one of the most stupendous victories on record; that regiments from Mississippi, Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas, &c., have exhibited an irresistible and superhuman valor, unknown in history this side of Sparta and Rome. As for the generals, they usually get their clothes shot off, and replace them with a suit of glory. The enemy is, of course, simply annihilated. Next day more dispatches come, still very good, but not quite so good as the first. The telegrams of the third day are invariably such as to make a mist, a muddle and a fog of the whole affair.
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> But we are still assured that our troops are victorious: and only after several days more does the unpleasant truth leak out that they are not quite victorious, but have, in fact, lost a little ground, after gaining some very brilliant success. So far as we know anything about the battle of Murfreesboro, it is the parallel and repetition of Shiloh. Even the number of prisoners are given in the same ciphers. But we have not yet ceased to hope for something to break the melancholy monotony, and therefore dismiss this unpleasant theme for the present with as little reluctance as the reader may imagine.

Such language is very amusing, and provocative of laughter, to all loyal men. To the rebels it is probably more provocative of profanity, a vice to which they are sadly addicted, than of anything more innocent.

At the last advices, Gen. Rosecrans was following up the advantage he had gained. Properly managed, it is to be hoped that the great victory of Murfreesboro will give the whole of Tennessee to the Union, and force the war in the West into the strictly Cotton States, where it properly belongs.

POVERTY.

The poor man's purse may be empty, but he has as much gold in the sunset and as much silver in the moon as a millionaire.

If the "poor man" whose "purse is empty," has a number of bills to pay, and knows not where to get the money to do it with, we do not believe that he has a particle of gold in the sunset, or a half-dime of silver in the moon. Thomas Carlyle says in one of his works, that poverty, from the common English point of view, means "hell." And we think that is a great deal truer, if not so pretty, as three-fourths of the nonsense that goes the rounds about the blessings of poverty. Poverty, real poverty—that with an "empty" purse—does not suit the climate of any country where the thermometer has a trick of falling below the freezing point. In a warm climate, of course, it is not such an unmitigated curse. Where the soil produces abundantly and constantly, and clothes are not needed for warmth; poverty is a very different thing from what it is in the colder latitudes. The constant struggle of everybody in all cold countries to get money, is not such an absurd thing as many (who are always doing the same however) seem to imagine. Poverty, real poverty, in a cold climate, is want, and filth; and ignorance, and degradation, and finally physical and often spiritual death.

THE TIDE TURNING.

The tide of public sentiment in England is indeed turning. Among the evidences of this are the recent letter of the distinguished Professor Newman to Mr. Gladstone, and the speech of John Bright. Professor Newman says to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who had addressed him as a man "of distinguished powers" and "undoubted sincerity":—

> Most glad should I be if political questions could be wholly impersonal. But even if I had your near friendship, instead of a slight acquaintance (which through your affability has justified me in occasional communications on a very few matters,) still the vast importance of the future relations between England and England's greater progeny would forbid me to indulge in the pleasure of a yielding reply. It is a terrible fact that the conduct of English statesmen for which you have been represented as claiming high moral credit is at this moment goading both North and South into hatred against us. I see no chance of allaying the malignant elements which the upper classes of England have stirred up without much plain speaking, with little care whom we offend. The seeds of an unnatural and dreadful war have been sown. The plague is not yet stayed. Pirate ships are yet about to issue from Liverpool. The government, which was so active about Hale's rockets, and would not allow arms to be sent to noble Hungary, shows no signs of activity when succor in the most odious form, and most damaging to the fair fame of England, is to be sent to that Slave Power, * * in comparison with which the late tyranny of Naples was respectable and endurable. You first earned honor with me by your denunciation of that tyranny when no other public man spoke. Much should I have rejoiced to see in you a strong heart of righteousness able to stem the tide of a contemptible national jealousy. * * * * *
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> I do not claim that English statesmen shall denounce all the guilt of all Governments. But when a power, comparable only to Thugs, buccaneers and cannibals, tries to thrust its hideous head among the nations, and claims the protection and privileges of international law—a power which rose against the freest rule on earth, for the avowed motive of propagating the worst form of Slavery ever known—having no legitimate complaint, or if it had, certainly trying no constitutional means of redress, but plunging at once into arms, and that when the arsenals had been emptied, and the fortresses seized by the treason of office-holders—I hold it to be an offence against law, order and public morality for a statesman whose words carry weight to speak at all of such a power without declaring abhorrence of it; or at least, to speak in such a tone that he can for a moment be suspected of desiring its success. * * *
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> On no previous occasion have English statesmen taken on themselves to prejudge the ability of a friendly Government to put down insurrection. I am in high hope that the righteous cause will be blessed by a righteous God, since its upholders are at length in earnest.

That is manly, truthful and noble. John Bright's eloquent speech is conceived in the same spirit. And these men represent large masses of men. Their words therefore should do a great deal in allaying that bitterness of spirit towards England which is now so universal on this side of the Atlantic. We quote the concluding passage of Mr. Bright's eloquent address:—

> Free states are the home of the working man. In fifteen years 2,500,000 of our countrymen and country women have left us for the United States, every one of whom, speaking generally, is in a much better position in point of comfort than if they had remained here, as if, as one of America's own poets has said:
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> "For her free latchstring never was drawn in
> Against the poorest child of Adam's kin."
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> In America there are no six millions of grown men excluded by the Constitution from political rights; there is a free church, a free school, a free hand, a free vote, a free career for the child of the humblest. No! countrymen who work for your living, remember that *there will be one wild shriek of freedom to startle all mankind if that Republic is overthrown.* Slavery has been the huge foul blot upon its fame; it is a hideous outrage against human right and Divine law; the pride and passion of man will not permit its peaceable extinction; the slaveholders of our colonies, if they had been strong enough, would have revolted too. I believe there was no mode short of a miracle more stupendous than any recorded in Holy Writ, which would in our time, or in a century, have brought the abolition of slavery in America *but the suicide which the South has committed and the war they are now waging.* It is a measureless calamity. I said the Russian war was a measureless calamity. *Did not many of your leaders tell you that that was a just war to maintain the integrity of Turkey, some thousands of miles away? Why, surely, the integrity of your own country, at your own doors, must be worth as much as the integrity of Turkey.* Is not this war the penalty which an inexorable justice exacts from America North and South, for the enormous guilt of cherishing this frightful iniquity for the last eighty years? I do not blame the man who takes the restoration of the Union to be hopeless; you have the authority of the Chancellor of the Exchequer on that point; he is a speaker unsurpassed by any man in England; but, unfortunately he made use of expressions in the North of England nearly three months ago, and seems ever since then to have been engaged in trying to make people understand what he meant. [A laugh.] He is, however, quite welcome to think the struggle hopeless for the North. *I don't hold that opinion.* The leaders of this revolt propose by their Constitution this simple thing—that over a territory some forty times as large as that of England, the blight and bondage of slavery shall be forever perpetuated. I cannot myself believe in such a fate befalling that fair land, stricken though it now be by the ravages of war; I cannot believe that civilization in its journey with the sun will sink into endless night to gratify the ambition of the leaders of this revolt, who seek "to wade through slaughter to a throne, and shut the gates of mercy on mankind." [Cheers.] I have another and a far brighter vision before my gaze. It may be but a vision, but I will still cherish it. *I see one vast confederation stretching from the frozen North in one unbroken line to the glowing South, and from the wild billows of the Atlantic to the calmer waters of the Pacific main, and I see one people and one law, and one language and one faith, and over all that wide continent the home of freedom and a refuge for the oppressed of every race.* [Loud cheers.]

GUSTAVE DORE'S DANTE.

By the kindness of M. Leypoldt, proprietor of the well-known foreign book-store and library, we have received a remarkable gratification in the examination of his portfolio of illustrations of Dante's Inferno, from the pencil of Gustave Doré. Illustrations they so truly are, so completely has the genius of the delineator fused itself in that of the poet, that these pictures are but the awful visions of the great Tuscan solidified into visible forms. We pass from circle to circle of the infernal descent, terrible rifts in the immitigable rocks open to receive us, the mighty precipices sweeping upward in grand lines which suggest no possibilities of heaven, but serve to give more fully the idea of the infinite depths of descent. This characteristic of the infernal landscape is wonderfully given, especially in the print where Dante and his guide pass with toil down the rocky chasm, and in another where the great Titan bears them down to the sixth circle. A number of illustrations are given of the forest of the suicides. Nothing is more impressive than these ghastly living tree-forms, where the agonized humanity forces the woody fibres to its own expression. The figures of Dante and his conductor are the points of relief from the horrors which surge around them. Always admirable in form and expression, the majestic calm of Virgil contrasts with the awful pity with which Dante's human nature reaches out towards humanity in its deepest fall.

A series of large photographs of these fine prints are being prepared, and, thanks to this wonderful art of sun-painting, the Dante Album will be a possible purchase to any one. To those who can, in æsthetic considerations, lose sight of their grim meanings, we know no similar treasure likely to be more valuable; but there are those who, having seen and deeply felt these pictures, could not be tempted by all their artistic worth to dwell on them again.

It is a healthy relief to turn from them, as Doré himself did, to his illustrated Fairy tales, of which we would like to speak farther at another time; or to Kaulbach's "Reincke Fuchs," where the wonderful humanness of the animal portraits suggests a graver moral than their exquisite drollery at first allows us to see; or Retzch's Shakspeare etchings, very admirable in some respects, though their subjective and sentimental style of treatment has not sufficient vigor and breadth, for the tragedies at least.

M. Leypoldt expects within a fortnight to have ready a series of illustrations of the works of Goethe, companions in size and style, we believe, to the Dante engravings, and by the same artist. If fortune favors us we hope to discuss these and others with our readers at some future time.

WHAT THE REBELS SAY ABOUT PEACE.—The following paragraphs are from the *Richmond Examiner* of January 2nd:

> Late events have turned public attention in the Northern states to some other conclusion of this desolating war than that which they hoped to gain by vaunts, menaces, and disproportionate levies of troops. The word "armistice" has lately been heard on the floor of Congress; and without its walls the practicability of a Convention, to be composed of delegates from all the states of the late Union, appointed by the authorities of the states, to adopt some plan of general pacification, is now much discussed.
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> But the time for Peace Congresses is past. So long as the states were component parts of the same Confederacy, it was both lawful and proper that the representatives of their sovereignties should confer upon and discuss questions and affairs affecting them all. * *
>
> The people of the North who wish to see the end of these hostilities and troubles must, first of all, agree to a recognition of the Confederate Government. Without that, the war must go on forever. Even an armistice supposes such recognition. *Northern speculation upon a general convention of states is, therefore, mere moonshine, so long as the South remains unconquered. If the armies of the United States were to succeed in driving the persons composing the Confederate Government entirely beyond their territory, and destroy all hope in the people of the restoration of the Confederate authority, a general convention of the two nations, without regard to the constituted authorities of either, free to form any new relations which they thought fit, might then become a matter for consideration with the individual inhabitants of the land.*

The modesty of the latter portion of the above is almost too great for our Northern type. Still, as our readers will perceive, the only hope for peace seems to be in our armies "driving the persons composing the confederate government entirely beyond the southern territory." If that were once done, it strikes us there would be no very great difficulty in coming to terms with "the individual inhabitants of the land," even without "a general convention of the two nations," held "without regard to the constituted authorities of either."

GALLANT RAIDS.—The recent foray into East Tennessee, a ride of about four hundred miles, with its results of cutting the rebel communications and the destruction of rebel property—and the raid of Col. Dickey in North-Eastern Mississippi with the capture of 150 prisoners, and the destruction of 34 miles of railroad, are instances of a kind of daring which we need more of on the Union side.

VICKSBURG.—Late accounts, from Vicksburg would seem to corroborate the rebel story that the Union forces, after a series of desperate attacks, had been repulsed, and were awaiting reinforcements. On January 2d—to which time we have New Orleans advices—Banks seems to have been still concentrating his troops at Baton Rouge.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1863.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Publishers of THE POST take pleasure in announcing that their literary arrangements for the coming year are of a character to warrant them in promising a feast of good things to their thousands of readers. Among the contributors to THE POST we may now mention the following distinguished authors:—

MRS. ELLEN WOOD,
Author of "THE EARL'S HEIRS," "EAST LYNNE," "THE CHANNINGS," &c.

MARION HARLAND,
Author of "ALONE," "THE HIDDEN PATH," "MIRIAM," &c.

EDMUND KIRKE,
Author of "AMONG THE PINES."

AND

VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND,
Whose Domestic Sketches are so greatly admired.

During the coming year THE POST will endeavor to maintain its high reputation for CHOICE STORIES, SKETCHES and POETRY. Special Departments shall also be devoted as heretofore to AGRICULTURE, WIT AND HUMOR, RECEIPTS, NEWS, MARKETS, &c.

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In procuring the subscribers for this Premium, we of course prefer that the 30 subscribers should be procured independently of each other, at the regular terms of $2.00 for each subscriber. Where this cannot be done, the subscribers may be procured at any of our club rates, and the balance of the $60 forwarded to us in cash by the person desiring the machine.

Every person collecting names for the Sewing Machine Premium, should send the names with the money as fast as obtained, so that the subscribers may begin at once to receive their papers, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole number of names (30), and whole amount of money ($60), is received, the machine will be duly forwarded.

☞ Sample copies of THE POST sent gratis when requested.

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NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

P. S.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their editorial columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

WILD HORSES AND WIVES.—There are no absolutely wild horses in the Northwest. All the cavalier Indians have their numerous bands of horses, broken and unbroken, and wild enough, following the nomad movements of the tribe. It is a rough, punchy, hardy stock, utterly unkempt and untaught, but capable of taking care of itself, and capable also, according to the law of barbarism, of producing chance individuals of size, strength and beauty. Bucephalus is the exception; Rosinante the rule. Bucephalus is worth a first-class squaw, or possibly two of those vexatious luxuries of a cheaper grade. Rosinantes go about five to the squaw. Papa gets the price; not as in civilization, where, when a squaw sells herself for a Bucephalus, a brougham, and a black coachman, she keeps and uses the equivalent. And now that I am on the tariff for squaws,—dry goods buy them in Siwashdom as sometimes in Christendom. The conventional price is expressed in blankets. Blankets paid to papa, buy: five, a cheap and unclean article, a drudge; ten, a tolerable article, a cook and basket maker; twenty, a fine article of squaw, learned in the kamas-beds, and with skull flat as a shingle; fifty, a very superior article, ruddy with vermilion and skilled in embroidering buckskin with porcupine quills; and one hundred blankets, a princess, with the beauty and accomplishments of her rank. Mothers in civilization will be pleased to compare these with their current rates.—*Theodore Winthrop.*

☞ The Pittsburg Republican tells how Col. Brown was induced to excuse the young lady from waltzing with him. Colonel B. is good-looking and a famous dancer—patronizes all the country balls and adores the rosy-cheeked, unsophisticated country girls. At a late ball on the frontier, some one who was present says, the gallant colonel approached a blushing damsel, and asked her to waltz, when she replied: "No, I thank you, I don't like to waltz, it makes me puke." The Colonel surrendered.

☞ A QUESTION FOR MESSRS. CHASE AND CISCO.—Can a man live upon and under his income at the same time?

☞ THE FRAGMENT OF A REGIMENT.—The New York Express of Saturday says that the 5th Maine Regiment—or what there is left of it, about twenty-five men—having received permission to return home, arrived in that city from the seat of war on Friday evening, and that the few left in the ranks of this regiment, and the appearance of the men, gave evidence of the sad realities of war.

☞ PLEASURES.—There is not a little generalship and strategy required in the managing and marshaling of our pleasures, so that each shall not mutually encroach to the destruction of all. For pleasures are very voracious, too apt to worry one another, and each, like Aaron's serpent, is prone to swallow up the rest.

☞ When Sir David Baird was taken prisoner in India, the news of that event was brought to his mother. They told the old lady that her son had been taken prisoner, and was chained to another man. "Oh!" she said, "wae's me for the man that's chained to him."

☞ A GOOD TOAST.—Woman—she is the only endurable aristocrat—elects without voting, governs without law, and decides without appeal. That toaster deserves a wife.

☞ Garibaldi has seventeen physicians. Incredible as it may seem, he was alive at the last dates, though, of course, in imminent danger.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE number of [illegible] in 1862 was 1,492, of which 511 were in the New England states, 502 in the Middle states, (including Maryland) 147 in five southern Atlantic states, 142 in five south-western states, and 191 in the western states.

GEN. ROSECRANS has issued an order that all captured rebel officers shall be confined until Jeff. Davis's recent order is revoked—the rebel prisoners to subsist on army rations. All food contributed by their friends shall be confiscated for hospital use, and a repetition of such contributions will be a jail offence.

A GENTLEMAN just arrived at Washington from Georgia declares that the two men most bitterly hated by the rebels are Gens. Butler and Rosecrans. Jeff Davis's speech at Murfreesboro, in which he congratulated his hearers that Gen. Rosecrans had been relieved by Gen. McCook, was no bad indication of the state of feeling in the South.

AT last advices six mortar boats had joined the fleet of Gen. Banks at New Orleans, and if a vigorous and determined onslaught can carry the enemy's positions, they will soon give way. We are inclined to believe, however, that up to the period when our troops under Sherman fell back, the rebel works at Port Hudson, Point Coupee and St. Francisville had not then been assaulted by our forces.

MESSAGE OF GOV. ROBINSON OF KENTUCKY.—The Legislature of Kentucky assembled at Frankfort on the 9th, and the message of the Governor was received.

Governor Robinson recommends that Kentucky reject the President's proclamation, and protest against any interference with her state policy as unwarranted by the Constitution. He thinks the proclamation giving freedom to the slaves in the rebellious states inflicts upon Kentucky a fatal though indirect blow.

He says the saddest fact of the proclamation will be to fire the whole south into one burning mass of inextinguishable hate, destroying all hope of restoring the Union, which is only possible by adhering to the Constitution as it was.

He further says that the most alarming aspect of the proclamation is the usurpation of the powers of the Government by the President, under the plea of military necessity. He advises the Legislature to place on record their protest against the proclamation.

MATTERS IN ARKANSAS.—Some of the rebel Gen. Holmes's forces have been transferred to the east bank of the Mississippi. General Holmes's headquarters are still at Little Rock, Arkansas, Hindman, who is second in command, being in the field. Matters are rather lively in Little Rock, and Confederate notes and shinplasters of every description circulate as freely as water. Everybody has pockets full of it, and every man is his own banker, and anything passes that contains figures, letters, or pictures. Ex-Governor Rector is in Little Rock. About all the cotton on the Arkansas and St. Francis rivers has been destroyed, as has the greater portion of it on White river that has not been secreted by the planters.

A FOREST OF NUTMEGS.—Dr. Bernstein, while undertaking a scientific expedition for the colonial government of the Netherlands to the Molucca Islands and New Guinea, made a discovery in the island of Batjan which may lead to important results in the spice trade. In his ascent of the Sabella range, he discovered, at an elevation of from 2,000 to 3,000 feet above the level of the sea, a very extensive forest of nutmeg trees, laden with fruit of an unusual size and excellent quality. Dr. Bernstein's official communication reports that this nutmeg tree forest extends over a very large tract of country.

GEN. HALLECK, in a dispatch to Rosecrans says:—"The rebel accounts fully confirm your dispatches from the battle-field. The victory was well earned, and one of the most brilliant of the war. You and your brave army have won the gratitude of your country and the admiration of the world. The field of Murfreesboro is made historical, and future generations will point out the places where so many heroes fell gloriously in defence of the Constitution and the Union. All honor to the Army of the Cumberland. Thanks to the living, and tears for the lamented dead."

THE NAME SHE SPOKE.

This flower she stopped at, finger on lip,
Stooped over, in doubt, as settling its claim;
Till she gave me, with pride to make no slip,
Its soft, meandering Spanish name.
What a name! was it love or praise?
Speech half asleep, or song half awake?
I must learn Spanish one of these days,
Only for that slow, sweet name's sake.
—*Robert Browning.*

☞ At a banquet recently given at Tronsoe, in Norway, a dish of fresh beef was served which was found last summer in tin cases, buried at Spitzbergen. According to indisputable indications, these cases were placed there by the Parry expedition, in 1836. The meat was perfectly fresh, and had not contracted any bad odor.

☞ The following smart reply was made by the first embassador of the Japanese Embassy at Paris to M. Thouvenel, the late French Minister of Foreign Affairs, upon the latter's expressing the surprise with which he saw them eating raw fish. "How can you eat raw fish?" "The same way you eat raw oysters," was the quiet reply. It silenced Mons. Thouvenel.

☞ FAULT FINDING.—It was my custom in my youth (says a celebrated Persian writer) to rise from my sleep to watch, pray, and read the Koran. One night as I was thus engaged, my father, a man of practiced virtue, awoke. "Behold," said I to him, "thy other children are lost in irreligious slumbers, while I alone wake to praise God." "Son of my soul," said he, "it is better to sleep than to wake to remark the faults of thy brethren."

☞ A BARGAIN.—A ludicrous transaction, in which each party thinks he has cheated the other.

☞ FINANCIAL.—It was not Captain Cuttle, we think, who said, "When you find a scrap of paper, make a note of it," but whoever *did* say it, knew pretty well how to manage in war times.

☞ A REWARD FOR BUTLER'S HEAD.—We see that a South Carolinian has offered $10,000 for Butler's head. We are not surprised. If he can get the amount of brains that Butler's skull contains for that sum, he may think he has a good bargain. But it is rather late for Mr. Yeadon to begin to supply the deficiencies of nature.

☞ "Grateful Florence" has placed a handsome marble slab in the wall of the house in which Mrs. Barrett Browning lived for so many years. The slab bears an inscription in Italian, of which the following is a translation:—"Here wrote and died Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who, in her woman's heart, united the wisdom of a sage, and the spirit of a poet, and who made of her verse a golden link between Italy and England."

☞ Commissioner Boutwell has decided that corporations cannot pay dividends on stock free of tax. Ninety-seven per cent. of the Income dividend must go to the stockholder, and three per cent. to the government. By making a dividend free of tax, companies would evade taxation on 3 per cent. of income.

☞ One of the essential ingredients in the manufacture of printer's ink is turpentine, and one of the causes of much of the bad printing of newspapers within the last year has resulted from the difficulty in getting turpentine and the failure of the experiments made to supply its place by the use of other things.

☞ A fearful question was agitated at Hull, Massachusetts, at the late election. Tweedledee, the incumbent of the Mayoralty, was run by the clam-diggers, and Tweedledum, a former Mayor, was supported by the eel spearers. Both the candidates were clam-diggers, 'Dee being in the hard-shell trade and 'Dum a seeker after soft-shells. Hull politics being very much complicated, the Boston papers have not yet discovered who was elected.

☞ We see it stated that Eugenie "la imperatrice," is getting to be greatly disliked in Paris. Already has she been saluted with the ominous cries, "A bas les Crinoline! A bas les Espagnole!" As the all comprehensive Shakspeare well said:—

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

☞ BOUND TO RISE.—Prentice believes that Floyd's career will bring him to the gallows, but even there he will rise with the occasion.

☞ THE DUKE'S OPINION.—The Duke of Cambridge, in a post-prandial speech in London recently, said that in the contest between armor-plated ships and rifled guns, the latter would carry the day. The Duke's opinion, however, on anything but port wine, is said to be of little weight.

☞ It is the ordinary way of the world to keep folly at the helm, and wit under the hatches.

☞ Learn in childhood, if you can, that happiness is not outside but inside. A good heart and a clear conscience bring happiness, which no riches and no circumstances alone ever do.

☞ The dove, recollect, did not return to Noah with the olive branch till the second time of her going forth; why, then, should you despond at the failure of the first attempt?

☞ STUDENTS.—A late morning student is a lazy one, and will rarely make a true scholar, and he who sits up late at night, not only burns his life's candle at both ends, but puts a red hot poker in the middle of it.

☞ NOT TO BE CAUGHT THAT WAY.—Lawyer.—"Sir, I hold in my hand a claim, which—" Civil person, (interruptingly)—"Ah, yes! I see. Be so good as to keep a very tight hold of it."

☞ "Why don't you wash the bottom of your feet, Johnny?" asked a grandmother of a boy, when he was performing the operation before retiring for the night; to which he very gravely replied—"Why, granny, do you think I'm going to stand up in bed, does ye?"

☞ Ought all ornaments in church to be of *pew ter?* And is checking a rooster in his clarion-blast really a *crow bar?*

LATEST NEWS.

BAD NEWS FROM GALVESTON.

Rebel Attack by Land and Water—Commodore Renshaw Killed.

NEW YORK, Jan. 11.—Advices have been received here that Galveston was attacked by the rebels on the morning of January 1, both by land and water.

Colonel Burrell and his troops on shore were all killed or taken prisoners.

Four rebel rams made an attack on the steamer Harriet Lane, and carried her by boarding. Captain Wainwright and all the men on board were killed or taken prisoners.

The rebel gunboats were lined and fortified with cotton bales, after the manner of the boats in New Orleans known as the Montgomery fleet.

Captain Wilson, of the Owasco, was killed.

The flag ship Westfield being ashore in another channel, her crew were transferred to the transports, and Commodore Renshaw fearing that she would fall into the hands of the rebels, blew her up. By some mismanagement or accident, the explosion occurred before the boat containing Com. Renshaw, Lieut. Zimmerman and the boat's crew got away, and they consequently were blown up with the ship.

Two barques, loaded with coal, were captured by the rebels.

The gunboats Clifton and Owasco were engaged and escaped, the former losing no men, and but one wounded. The Owasco lost one killed and thirteen wounded.

The rebel force is estimated at 5,000, under Gen. Magruder. Our land force, under the command of Col. Burrell, of Massachusetts, probably did not exceed 300 men, the residue not having arrived, or not having disembarked at the time of the fight.

Our loss is estimated at 150 to 160 killed and 200 taken prisoners, the navy suffering the most.

Gen. Magruder in his official dispatch concerning the capture of the Harriet Lane says, I have captured 600 prisoners and a large quantity of valuable stores, arms, &c. The Lane is but little injured.

From Vicksburg.

CAIRO, Jan. 10.—Despatches from Memphis, dated this morning, say that General McClernand has arrived at Vicksburg, and superseded General Sherman in the command of the forces engaged in the attack on that place.

CAIRO, Jan. 11.—An arrival to-night from the mouth of the Yazoo brings authentic accounts from Vicksburg.

Gen Sherman's repulse was complete. The entire force under the direction of General McClernand re-embarked on Saturday on the transports, pursued by the rebel advance, which coming in range of the gunboats were driven back with severe loss.

At the last accounts, the entire fleet of transports, with the troops, had arrived at Island No. 82, on their way to Napoleon.

There is nothing definite from Gen. Banks or Com. Farragut, though rumors of their advance are in circulation.

The engagement was less general than heretofore reported. The principal fighting was done by the centre, under Generals Smith and Blair. The conduct of the latter is highly spoken of. Our loss, as near as can be ascertained, was 600 killed, 1,500 wounded, and 1,000 missing.

Captain Gwynn, of the gunboat Benton, died of the wounds received at Haines's Bluff.

The steamer Musselman was burned by the rebel guerillas at Bradley's Landing, ten miles above Memphis, on the 8th inst.

On the 8th, Capt. Moore, with about 100 men, attacked a camp of 300 rebels at Huntoon's Mills, three miles east of Fort Pillow, on the morning of the 8th.

The rebels were completely surprised. Sixteen rebels were killed, and forty six taken prisoners, and fifty horses and a lot of small arms captured. Two Federals were wounded. The expedition was absent from Camp Ely about 27 hours.

Miscellaneous.

NEW YORK, Jan. 10.—A letter from an officer on board the U. S. steamer Bibb, off Charleston, says that Fort Sumter has been plated with railroad iron.

It is reported that the rebel Hindman has executed ten Union officers, in revenge for McNeil's execution of guerillas.

An inspection of the ammunition of the Army of the Potomac has disclosed the fact that the greater part of the 12 pounder ammunition for its artillery is worthless. It is being exchanged as fast as possible.

A Union force made an expedition to West Point, Va., from Yorktown lately and destroyed a number of vessels, the depot, and several cars there. The expedition returned on Saturday last.

Gen. Banks has suppressed the National Advocate, published in New Orleans, by Jacob Barker, for showing too much joy at the repulse of the Union forces at Vicksburg.

Rebel papers say that Bragg has fallen back to Tullahoma, 32 miles from Murfreesboro. He promises to make a stand between Alliance and Tullahoma.

The steamer Jura is at Cape Race, with dates to the 24 inst. The London Times does not think that cotton is king. A large number of English operatives had met at Liverpool and passed resolutions favorable to the Union cause.

CHARLESTON, Jan. 8.—The following is from Kinston, N. C., of to-day's date:—

"The enemy are making immense preparations for an advance. Reinforcements are daily arriving from Suffolk. The Yankees at Morehead City and Newbern are 50,000 strong, under command of Gen. Foster. They will probably attack Charleston, Wilmington, Weldon and Goldsborough simultaneously. It is reported that they are now cooking their marching rations."

☞ To the gentility of one of the first-family ladies south of the Potomac, a most brutal blow was one day given by a matter-of-fact New England soldier. Two young nieces were visiting at her house, and the man innocently asked why she did not put them into a factory. *His* sisters worked in one, and it was better than doing nothing. The old lady collapsed. How dare he? Low bred, vulgar creature! *Her* nieces to be coupled with persons that worked in factories! The impudence of the "fellow" was a theme for endless invective.—*Army Correspondent of Philadelphia Press.*

☞ At a late review in Berlin, a dragoon, whose girth had given way, kept in the ranks and rode through the manœuvres without a saddle. The fact having come to the king's knowledge, he said to his aid-de-camps: "Say nothing about it, gentlemen; if the Chambers were to hear of it, they might strike out saddles from the war estimates."

☞ Wilkins is of the opinion that coal dealers are the men who on *New Year* have the greatest occasion to change their *weighs.*

THE CRY OF A LOST SOUL.*

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

In that black forest, where, when day is done,
With a snake's stillness glides the Amazon
Darkly from sunset to the rising sun,

A cry, as of the pained heart of the wood,
The long, despairing moan of solitude
And darkness and the absence of all good,

Startles the traveller, with a sound so drear,
So full of hopeless agony and fear,
His heart stands still and listens like his ear.

The guide, as if he heard a dead-bell toll,
Starts, drops his oar against the gunwale's thole,
Crosses himself and whispers: "A lost Soul!"

"No, senor, not a bird. I know it well—
It is the pained soul of some infidel
Or curséd heretic that cries from hell.

"Poor fool! with hope still mocking his despair,
He wanders, shrieking on the midnight air
For human pity and for Christian prayer.

"Saints strike him dumb! Our Holy Mother hath
No prayer for him who, sinning unto death,
Burns always in the furnace of God's wrath!"

Thus to the baptized pagan's cruel lie,
Lending new horror to that mournful cry,
The voyager listens, making no reply.

Dim burns the boat-lamp: shadows deepen round,
From giant trees with snakelike creepers wound,
And the black water glides without a sound.

But in the traveller's heart a secret sense
Of nature plastic to benign intents,
And an eternal good in Providence—

Lifts to the starry calm of heaven his eyes;
And lo! rebuking all earth's ominous cries,
The Cross of pardon lights the tropic skies!

"Father of all!" he urges his strong plea,
"Thou lovest all: Thy erring child may be
Lost to himself, but never lost to Thee!

"All souls are Thine; the wings of morning bear
None from that Presence which is everywhere,
Nor hell itself can hide, for Thou art there.

"Through sins of sense, perversities of will,
Through doubt and pain, through guilt and shame and ill,
Thy pitying eye is on Thy creature still.

"And Thou canst make, Eternal Source and Goal!
In Thy long years life's broken circle whole,
And change to praise the cry of a lost soul!"

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* Lieut. Herndon's Report of the Exploration of the Amazon has a striking description of the peculiar and melancholy notes of a bird heard by night on the shores of the river. The Indian guides call it "The cry of a lost Soul!"

—*Independent.*

WINNING A HUSBAND.

Fifty or sixty years ago, Ireland might be called the classic land of the duello, where men fought their way to eminence even in peaceful professions, and could only hope to retain it by the same unhesitating spirit. It is not so generally known, however, that this same recklessness was occasionally engendered in the bosoms of the fairer sex, partly, as it may be supposed, from the fact of hearing their male relatives speak of duelling as a matter of course, which no man either wished or hoped to avoid, and partly from the rollicking sort of life and imperfect education which at that period even females of the upper classes led and received. Faulty and to be deprecated, however, as this feeling might be, in one instance it had a fortunate termination, and procured for the Irish peerage one of its afterwards most brilliant and respected matrons.

The matter happened thus:

Near one of the principal western towns and seaports resided the respectable family of the B——s; and at the time we speak of, their house was blessed with one fair daughter, and no more. Miss Christine B—— was a belle, a beauty, and the spoiled darling of a quiet, easy-tempered father and mother, who allowed her in everything to have her own way. She was a very lovely, high-spirited girl, rendered inordinately vain by admiration and parental indulgence; and so proud of her own peerless attractions, as to fancy that no station or rank was too high for her to hope to reach. With such manifold means of conquest, of course she was surrounded by admirers wherever she went; and although now and then she condescended to give a certain amount of encouragement to some of them, still, when they pressed for a final answer, it always was given in a way fatal to their hopes. Hence it was that after a season or two she had earned for herself the name of a heartless coquette, whose sole aim was to amuse herself at the expense of others. Her popularity did not diminish, however, as her respectability was undoubted and her social talents great; and, on the whole, she was regarded as one who possessed many good and amiable traits to counterbalance her more obvious and distasteful ones.

About this time there arrived on a sporting visit to one of her friends a young gentleman who was both an "honorable" and a "M. P." He was the only son of a nobleman of great wealth and ancient title, and was perfectly alive to the value which these claims gave him to the consideration of others and to his own self-esteem. He was very young, not more than three-and-twenty, and looked to be even younger than he was; for he was slim, not tall, and with delicate features, and particularly light hair. He was handsome enough to be admired by those who were influenced by his rank and expectations, and in his own esteem he was understood to have no superior. Soon after his arrival in her neighborhood he was introduced to the fair Christine, and from that moment became her shadow. At first she avoided him, and treated him coldly, speaking of him slightingly, and ridiculing his pretensions to be considered as either a very agreeable or a very fortunate man; for in his looser moments he had spoken freely to his companions of his wonderful success as a lover, and of the many conquests he had made. Miss B—— had heard from the sister of one of his male friends, that he had even gone so far as to set her down as one of the list of the vanquished, and had laid a wager that before he left the country he would bring the universal conqueror to his feet—not with the idea of marrying, but of laughing at her. Strange to say, however, the information thus given her as a warning had an effect on her contrary to that which it was expected it would; she kept mind to herself, but from that time forward it was evident that she was gradually yielding to the fascinations of the Honorable George, and was unwittingly creeping within the treacherous folds with which he meant to envelope her. She rode out with him alone, talked to him in preference to others, dismissed partners in the ball-room to become his, sang when he asked her, and in point of fact, appeared to be fast approaching to that stage of devotion to which it was his aim to bring her. When this had gone on for some weeks, he began to feel that he had sufficiently proved his power, and showed a wish to "draw off." His fair friend, however, either did not understand these recalcitrant symptoms, or did not wish to countenance them. Nevertheless, she took no umbrage at his new coldness, and still continued to seek his society and to claim his attention as usual. At length, as if wearied by her persevering affection—which no effort, almost no insult on his part apparently could diminish—he announced at a dinner party at which they both were, that he was about to leave his Western friends in a day or two. To this Miss B—— made no demur, and offered no opposition; neither did her spirits flag, nor was she seen to drop a single tear, or spoil her beautiful brow by a frown. It was even remarked that her spirits on that evening were higher than usual, in proof of which she made a point of somewhat departing from feminine timidity, and showing her power in unaccustomed ways. For instance, greatly to the Honorable George's annoyance (who thought himself the magnet of attention,) she followed the gentlemen into the billiard-room, with two or three of her young lady friends, and insisted on playing a game with him. She beat him, too; and this only added to his disgust. Tired of this amusement, the gentlemen proposed to adjourn to the shooting gallery, in order to determine a disputed point. Hither also Miss B—— and her lady friends persisted in following them, very much to the delight of every one but the Honorable George. Almost as they entered the gallery, he ventured a reproof to her in an undertone by saying that he had hardly expected to find her sympathizing in so very unfeminine a pursuit. This did not repress her ardor, and she answered lightly that it was evident he did not know either her habits or her tastes, or he would not have been astonished at anything she did. After saying which, she proceeded towards a rack where several pairs of pistols hung, and choosing one of them, whilst she handed him another—or, at least, offered it for his acceptance—she challenged him to shoot with her at the target which stood at the bottom of the room. This she did amidst the loud applause of her male friends, who saw nothing disreputable or unfeminine in her challenge. Her lover, however, still held back.

"I fear, Mr. H——," she said to him "that you are only a carpet knight, and that any conquest you will ever make will be in other fields than those of Mars. Come, take your pistol, and do not be afraid of so weak a foe as I am. I will wager this pretty brooch of mine against your brilliant, so that, whether I win or lose, you will still dwell in my remembrance forever."

Goaded into compliance, he bowed at last, and said that even the whims of so fair an opponent must be humored.

The first shot was conceded to her, and she just missed the bull's-eye, but touched its outward circle.

"I will do better the next time," she said, quietly handing her pistol to be reloaded, "as I see where my error lies. I ought to have done better, however; only, as papa says, my pistol hand is a little rusty."

The Honorable George followed, but with a less steady aim. He was wide of the mark, and was laughed at for his failure by all but Miss B——.

"Nay, gentlefolks," she said, gayly, "do not blame him, for evidently his practice has been in drawing rooms, not in shooting galleries. Look, Mr. H——," she went on, addressing him; "you depressed your weapon a thought too low, and a point-blank aim, like a point-blank intention, is the surest way to escape disgrace. Watch me, and if you are wise take example by what I shall do."

This time she pierced the very heart of the mark, and that done, she flung aside the weapon.

"Now I shall go and have my tea," she said, entwining the waist of one of her young friends caressingly; "and having conquered Mr. H—— on two fields on one evening, I have reason to be amply satisfied."

It was observed that during the remainder of the evening the Honorable George was much more respectful to her than he had been for a week before.

A day or two passed over, during which the Honorable George and Miss B—— did not meet. It was understood, however, that he was about to leave the neighborhood on the next morning, and on the evening previous he was returning from paying a farewell visit to a family on the outskirts of the town, when, at a turn of the lonely road, he was met by Miss B—— on horseback. He was about to pass her with a bow, when she turned her horse's head and rode beside him.

"You are about to leave us to-morrow, I understand, Mr. H——," she said at last, after waiting a minute or two for his address.

"I regret to say that I am compelled to do so," he replied.

"You will go away richer than you came, I hope?"

"Richer in friends, certainly," with a bow.

"And—in bets, too, or I am greatly misinformed," she said, gravely.

"I do not understand you, Miss B——."

"I thought you would not, sir," she said, more seriously than before. "I do not wonder that you should study to forget what no honorable or upright man would like to remember. Answer me, if you please, and pray endeavor to go as straight to the mark as I did the other evening. You sought my acquaintance, and you persisted in your advances when they were distasteful to me; dare you say why?"

"I—I admire you—as a friend."

"You followed me, sir," she went on, "and insisted on showering those attentions on me which, from a man to a woman, may be taken in either of two ways—that is, either as the vilest of insults or the greatest of compliments. Which of these was your meaning, Mr. H——?"

"Not as insults, certainly."

"I am glad to hear it, sir, for your own sake," she persevered. "Why, then, did you make a bet of a hundred pounds that you would conquer and bring me to your feet? Pray, do not deny the fact, or you will force me to tell the gentleman with whom you made it that you have branded him as a liar by saying what was not the fact."

The Honorable George was struck dumb.

"I am glad to see, sir, that you have prudence enough left to be silent," she said. "And now listen to me, Mr. H——; for your own discreditable amusement you have ventured to trifle with my feelings, careless whether my reputation should suffer or my peace of mind be gone. I have no brother to protect me from such unmanly attempts, nor would I ask him even if I had, as I am quite able to protect myself. You owe me reparation for this inexcusable wrong, and I beg leave to tell you, calmly and dispassionately, that the debt must be paid, and that until it is so you shall not leave this neighborhood unpunished. What form it shall take, sir, I leave to your own heart and judgment to determine, but I solemnly warn you that no mode of escape open to you shall be available until my friends are well assured that I have no further reason to complain. Should I not have a full and satisfactory explanation to-night, I shall deal with you in another manner before you commence your journey to-morrow, and should you prefer a dastardly retreat in the dark to a more honorable course of proceeding, be assured, sir, that I shall find means to reach you, go where you will."

She turned her horse, broke into a gallop, and left her lover in a maze.

The course she took might have been a doubtful one with many, but she had accurately gauged her man, and knew the treatment necessary for his constitution. He went home, pondered deeply, and long before midnight Miss B—— was favored with a repentant letter, in which was contained an offer of his hand.

It may seem curious, but the offer was accepted. Perhaps Miss B—— believed that under the mask of selfish vanity, Mr. H—— really was at heart a very fine fellow; or, it may be, that she loved him, without sense or reason, as is not at all uncommon in the affairs of the heart. As the poet says:—

"Why did she love him? curious fool, be still;
Is human love the growth of human will?"

Or it may be—though we hesitate to believe it of so high-spirited a girl, that the position, and not the man, was the chief attraction.

PEWS.

In Anglo Saxon and some northern churches of early date, a stone bench was made to project within the wall, running around the whole interior except the east end.

In 1319 they are represented as sitting on the ground or standing. About this time the people introduced low, rude, three-legged stools promiscuously over the church.

Wooden seats were introduced soon after the Norman conquest. In 1327 a decree was issued in regard to the wrangling for seats, so common that none could call any seat his own except noblemen and patrons, each entering and holding the one he first occupied.

As we approach the reformation, 1530 to 1540, seats were more appropriated, the entrance being guarded by cross bars and the initial letters engraven on them.

Immediately after the reformation the pew system prevailed, as we learn from a complaint of the poor Commons addressed to Henry VIII., in 1740, in reference to his decree that a Bible should be in every church at liberty for all to read, because they thought it might be taken into the "quir" or "pue." In 1608, galleries were introduced.

As early as 1611, pews were arranged to afford comfort by being baized or cushioned; while the sides around were so high as to hide those within—a device of the Puritans to avoid being seen by the officers, who reported those who did not stand when the name of Jesus was pronounced. The services were very much protracted, so that many would fall asleep. Hence Swift's pithy allusion:

A bedstead of the antique mode
Compact, of timber many a load,
Such as our ancestors did use,
Was metamorphosed into pews,
Which still their ancient nature keep
By lodging folks disposed to sleep.

With the reign of Charles I., the reason for heightening the sides disappeared; and from the civil war they gradually declined to their present height.

☞ To possess rags in these days is to afford evidence of the possession of wealth; and a garret full of old newspapers, pamphlets, and so forth, is a small *placer*. Rags and respectability have at last come together.

JEFFERSON'S WEDDING.

"Belinda" (Jefferson's first love) had been married four years, and her old admirer was approaching thirty, when he met with a young lady of twenty-two, who produced a strong impression upon him. She was a little above the medium height, slender, but elegantly formed. A fair complexion, with a delicate tint of the rose; large hazel eyes, full of life and feeling; and luxuriant hair, of a rich, soft auburn, formed a combination of attractions which were eminently calculated to move the heart of a youthful bachelor. In addition to this, the lady was admirably graceful; she rode, danced and moved with elegant ease, and sang and played on the harpsichord very sweetly. Add still to these accomplishments the possession of excellent good sense, very considerable cultivation, a warm, loving heart, and last, though not least, notable talents for housekeeping, and it will not be difficult to understand how the youthful Mr. Jefferson came to visit very frequently at the lady's residence, in the country of Charles City. It was called "The Forest," and the name of the lady was Mrs Martha Skelton. She was a daughter of John Wayles, an eminent lawyer, and had married in her seventeenth year Mr. Bathurst Skelton, who, dying in 1768, left his young wife a widow at nineteen.

Three years of mourning began to expire, and the beautiful young lady found herself besieged at "The Forest" by numerous visitors. Of these, three were favorites with the fair Mrs. Skelton, of whom Mr. Thomas Jefferson was one. The tradition runs that the pretentions of the rivals were decided by the musical accomplishments of the young counsellor, or by the fears of his opponents. The tale is differently related. One version is, that the two unfortunate gentlemen encountered each other on Mrs. Skelton's door-step, but hearing Mr. Jefferson's violin and voice accompanying the lady in a pathetic song, gave up the contest thenceforth, and retired without entering, convinced that the affair was beyond their control.

The other story is, that all three met at the door, and agreed that they would take their turns. Mr. Jefferson entered first, and the tones of the lady in singing with her companion deprived the listeners of all hope. However this may be, it is certain that the beautiful widow consented to become Mrs. Jefferson; and on the first day of January, 1772, there was a great festival at "The Forest." Friends and kindred assembled from far and near—there was frolicking and dancing after the abundant old fashion—and we find from the bridegroom's note book, that the servants and fiddlers received fees from his especial pocket.

It snowed without, but within all was mirth and enjoyment, in the light and warmth of the great log fires, roaring in honor of the occasion. Soon after the performance of the ceremony, the bridegroom and his bride set out in their carriage for "Monticello," where Mr. Jefferson had commenced building in 1769, just before the destruction by fire of his patrimonial house of "Shadwell." The journey was not to end without adventures. As they advanced towards the mountains the snow increased in depth, and finally they were compelled to leave the carriage, and proceed on their way on horseback, stopping to rest at "Blenheim," the seat of Col. Carter, where he found, however, no one but an overseer. They left at sunset, resolutely bent on reaching Monticello before night. It was eight miles distant, and the road, which was rather a mountain bridle-path than an honest highway, was encumbered with snow three feet deep. We may fancy the sensations of the newly-wedded bride at the chill appearance of the desolate landscape, as she passed along through the snow; but she was a woman of courage and good sense, and did not care for inconvenience.

It was late when they arrived, and a cheerless reception awaited them—or rather, there was no reception at all. The fires were all out, the servants had gone to bed, and the place was as dark and silent as the grave. Conducting his wife to the little pavilion, which was the only part of the house habitable at the time, Mr. Jefferson proceeded to do the honors. On a shelf, behind some books, part of a bottle of wine was discovered, and this formed the supper of the bridegroom and bride. Far from being annoyed or discomfited by their reception, however, it only served for a topic of jest and laughter. The young lady was as merry and light-hearted as a bird, and sent her clear voice ringing through the dreary little pavilion as gayly as she had ever done in the cheerful drawing-room of "The Forest." Thus the long hours of the winter night fled away like minutes, winged with laughter, merriment and song. The vigil was a mirthful incident rather than a trial of their equanimity. They were young—and they had just been married. When hands are clasped, and hearts beat close together, there is very little gloom in darkness, and winter nights are not cold. This little moral sentiment will not, I hope, be criticised as too romantic for the "dignity of history." It doubtless explains how a young lady and gentleman, both used to every comfort and luxury, found the gloomy little pavilion, in the midst of three feet of snow, neither dark nor cold on that January night long ago.

WHY BOILING MILK FOAMS.

When milk is boiled its volume is very much enlarged, while water merely bubbles without any increase in bulk! why is it that the two liquids, under the same circumstances, behave so differently?

When water is gradually heated to the boiling point, the portion nearest the fire first reaches the temperature of 212 degrees, and the first particle that is heated to this degree is immediately converted into steam. As in its new form its volume is about 1,700 fold greater than in the liquid state, while its weight remains the same, it floats upward through the water, being held in a nearly spherical shape by the nearly equal pressure of the water against all its sides. When it reaches the surface it is lighter than air, and consequently floats away in the atmosphere, and being invisible, it is lost to our sight. The rapid formation of these little globes of steam, and their rising through the water, produce that peculiar disturbance of the liquid which we call ebullition or boiling.

When milk is boiled, the same little globes of steam are formed, but their surface is coated with an exceedingly thin film of the casein, which is one of the constituents of milk, and which has sufficient tenacity to prevent the bubbles from breaking when they reach the surface, or from being separated from the liquid. They consequently accumulate as they successively rise to the surface, forming the white foam which so frequently flows over the edge of the vessel into the fire.—*Scientific American.*

WEDDING WORDS.

A jewel for my lady's ear,
A jewel for her finger fine,
A diamond for her bosom dear,
Her bosom that is mine.

Dear glances for my lady's eyes,
Dear looks around her form to twine,
Dear kisses for the lips I prize,
Her dear lips, that are mine.

Dear breathings to her, soft and low,
Of how my lot she's made divine;
Dear silences, my love that show
For her whose love is mine.

Dear cares lest clouds should shade her way,
That gladness only on her shine,
That she be happy as the May,
Whose lot is one with mine.

Dear wishes hovering round her life,
And tending thoughts, and dreams divine,
To feed with perfect joy the wife
Whose happiness is mine.

BOOTS AND SHOES--WARM FEET.

Those who have half a dozen active children, more or less, to keep shod, have probably found out ere this, that leather has gone up in price almost (but not quite) as rapidly as printing paper. If any one can tell us how to get cheap shoes, or any kind of shoes that will not cost about a dollar a month for each youngster, he will confer a special favor, and we will hasten to publish the fact for the benefit of the rest of mankind. Much can be done to lessen the expense of shoe-leather, even at the present prices, by judicious selection and proper care of boots and shoes. A great mistake is made in buying thin shoes, with thin soles, for girls, while boys are provided with thick-soled high boots. A pair of strong *boots* will last a girl longer than several pairs of thin ones, and will allow her to enjoy the air and exercise which are necessary to health. There is no reason why the feet of girls and women should be more thinly clad than those of boys and men—"Fashion kills more than the sword."

Some of the means taken to preserve leather are injurious to it, while others are injurious to the feet. It is not desirable that a boot should be thoroughly waterproof; when this is the case, the perspiration is confined, and the feet rendered uncomfortable and unhealthy. The "waterproof or varnish blacking" so frequently used, is injurious to the leather, rendering it less pliable. It confines the perspiration, and keeps the feet cold by making the leather and stocking better conductors of heat. All those preparations which claim to render leather waterproof should be discarded. The method which we have found most satisfactory is to apply melted tallow freely to the *soles* of the boots and shoes, and to the upper leather about an inch high around the soles. In this way the greater part of the upper leather is left in its natural condition, and will allow the perspiration to escape through the pores, while the soles are kept pliable and waterproof. The application of hot tar, as recommended in an article going the rounds of the press, makes the sole leather stiff, and, being unyielding, it wears off in contact with stones and frozen ground more rapidly than when rendered pliable by tallow. Neat's foot oil, when accessible, is preferable to tallow. When one is walking or working in deep snow or mud, it may be necessary to apply a single coat of grease or oil over the whole upper leather. We have found from experience that ungreased boots and shoes last much longer, and are more comfortable than those made air and waterproof by oil or by impervious blacking.

"Keep the head cool and the feet warm," is a trite prescription for health. The feet are always in a colder atmosphere near the ground, as well as exposed to dampness; and, worse than all, a foolish Chinese fashion, requires them to be cramped in shoes too small to admit free circulation of the blood which is the source, or rather the conveyor of animal heat. Special care is therefore needed to keep them warm. India-rubber over-shoes are very good *if* worn only out of doors, and removed when coming in. Sandals, open over the foot are best, except when obliged to wade in snow or mud. Nothing contributes more to health and comfort than a frequent change of stockings. When stopping exercise at the close of a day's work, we invariably remove the socks filled with perspiration through the day, and put on dry ones for our long ride home to the country. Much comfort, and greater freedom from cold has resulted from this practice. The current opinion, in some parts of the country, is, that wet socks should be dried on the feet. This is not philosophical.

☞ AN INTELLECTUAL YOUNG LADY—"Oh, mamma, I asked Miss Brown, what is dew? She says it is the moisture imbibed by plants during the summer months. Now, mamma dear, dew is the condensation of aqueous vapor by a body which has radiated its atomic portion of caloric below the atmospheric temperature."

A WORD ABOUT DRESS.

One of the gravest mistakes in our dress is the very thin covering of our arms and legs. No physiologist can doubt that the extremities require as much covering as the body. A fruitful source of disease; of congestion in the head, chest, and abdomen, is found in the nakedness of the arms and legs, which prevents a fair distribution of the blood.

A young lady has just asked me what she can do for her very thin arms. She says she is ashamed of them. I felt of them through the thin lace covering, and found them freezing cold. I asked her what she supposed would make muscles grow. "Exercise," she replied. "Certainly, but exercise makes them grow only by giving them more blood. Six months of vigorous exercise would do less to give those naked, cold arms circulation, than would a single month, were they warmly clad."

The value of exercise depends upon the temperature of the muscles. A cold gymnasium is unprofitable. Its temperature should be between sixty and seventy, or the limbs should be warmly clothed. I know that our servant girls and blacksmiths, by constant and vigorous exercise, acquire large, fine arms, in spite of their nakedness. And if young ladies will labor as hard from morning till night, as do these useful classes, they may have as fine arms; but even then, it is doubtful if they would get rid of their congestions in the head, lungs, and stomach, without more dress upon the arms and legs.

Perfect health depends upon perfect circulation. Every living thing that has the latter, has the former. Put your hand under your dress upon your body. Now put your hand upon your arm. If you find the body is warmer than the arm, you have lost the equilibrium of circulation. The head has too much blood, producing headache or sense of fullness; or the chest has too much blood, producing cough, rapid breathing, pain in the side, or palpitation of the heart; or the stomach has too much blood, producing indigestion; or the liver has too much blood, producing some disturbance; or the bowels have too much blood, producing constipation or diarrhœa. Any or all of these difficulties are temporarily relieved by immersion of the feet or hands in hot water, and they are permanently relieved by such dress and exercise of the extremities as will make the derivation permanent.

Again I say, the extremities require as much clothing as the body. Women should dress their arms and legs with one or two thicknesses of knit woollen garments which fit them. The absurdity of loose flowing sleeves and wide-spread skirts, I will not discuss.

Do you ask why the arms and legs may not become accustomed to exposure like the face? I answer, God has provided the face with an immense circulation, because it must be exposed.

A distinguished physician of Paris declared, just before his death, "I believe that during the twenty-six years I have practised my profession in this city, twenty thousand children have been borne to the cemeteries, a sacrifice to the absurd custom of naked arms." When in Harvard, many years ago, I heard the distinguished Dr. J. C. Warren say, "Boston sacrifices five hundred babies every year, by not clothing their arms." Those little arms should have thick, knit, woollen, warm sleeves extending from the shoulder to the hand.—*Dio Lewis, M. D.*

PROPERTIES OF DEW.

Dews and rains have quaintly been called "the washerwoman of the atmosphere." They bring back to mother Earth all the exhalations from men, animals, and plants; these exhalations consequent upon both growth and decay, are very great in quantity, and are thus returned to the soil. At the commencement of showers the falling rain is very foul, being highly charged with gasses derived as above; after a few minutes the rain water is of greater purity. Dews are always foul, and any person who will collect and taste the dew, can readily discover this fact. The poet may enlarge on the purity of "the dew drop on the rose," but the chemist knows better. The properties of dew as compared with rain, will be better understood by the following, from the new edition of *Encyclopedia Britannica.*

"The chief facts to be accounted for are these:—1st. Dew (as distinguished from small rain or the moisture produced by visible fog) is never deposited except on a surface colder than the air. 2d. It is never deposited in cloudy weather; and so strict is its connection with the clear sky, that its deposition is immediately suspended whenever any considerable cloud passes the zenith of the place of observation. 3d. It is never copiously deposited in a place screened or sheltered from a clear view of the sky, even if the screen be of very thin material, such as muslin or paper suspended over it. 4th. It is most copiously deposited on all such bodies as are good radiants and bad conductors of heat, such as grass, paper, glass, wool, &c.; but little or not at all on bad radiants, such as polished metals, which are also good conductors. And, lastly, it is never deposited if there be much wind. All these circumstances, as Dr. Wells has shown, point to the escape of heat from the bodies exposed by radiation out into space, or into the upper and colder regions of the air, faster than it can be restored by counter radiation or by conduction from the contact with the warm air or with solid substances—wind acting in this respect with great efficacy by continually renewing the air in contact. Hoar frost differs only from dew by being frozen in the moment of deposition, secreting in crystalline spiculæ."

☞ It seems to be well understood in the highest social circles of Washington, that Secretary Chase, who is a widower, designs soon to lead the accomplished widow of the late Stephen A. Douglas to the hymenial altar. She will be his *fourth* wife.

THE LEGEND OF RABBI BEN LEVI.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Rabbi Ben Levi, on the Sabbath, read
A volume of the Law, in which it said,
"No man shall look upon my face and live."
And as he read, he prayed that God would give
His faithful servant grace with mortal eye
To look upon His face and yet not die.

Then fell a sudden shadow on the sage,
And lifting up his eyes, grown dim with age,
He saw the Angel of Death before him stand,
Holding a naked sword in his right hand.
Rabbi Ben Levi was a righteous man,
Yet through his veins a chill of terror ran.
With trembling voice he said, "What wilt thou
here?"
The Angel answered, "Lo! the time draws near
When thou must die; yet first, by God's decree,
Whate'er thou askest shall be granted thee."
Replied the Rabbi, "Let these living eyes
First look upon my place in Paradise."

Then said the Angel, "Come with me and look."
Rabbi Ben Levi closed the sacred book,
And rising, and uplifting his grey head,
"Give me thy sword," he to the Angel said,
"Lest thou shouldst fall upon me by the way."
The Angel smiled and hastened to obey,
Then led him forth to the Celestial Town,
And set him on the wall, whence gazing down,
Rabbi Ben Levi, with his living eyes,
Might look upon his place in Paradise.

Then straight into the city of the Lord
The Rabbi leaped with the Death Angel's sword,
And through the streets there swept a sudden
breath
Of something there unknown, which men call
death.
Meanwhile the Angel stayed without and cried,
"Come back!" To which the Rabbi's voice
replied,
"No! in the name of God, whom I adore,
I swear that hence I will depart no more!"

Then all the Angels cried, "Oh, Holy One,
See what the son of Levi here has done!
The kingdom of Heaven he takes by violence,
And in Thy name refuses to go hence;"
The Lord replied, "My Angels, be not wroth;
Did e'er the son of Levi break his oath?
Let him remain: for he with mortal eye
Shall look upon my face and yet not die."
Beyond the outer wall the Angel of Death
Heard the great voice, and said, with panting
breath,
"Give back the sword, and let me go my way,"
Whereat the Rabbi paused and answered "Nay!
Anguish enough already has it caused
Among the sons of men!" And while he paused,
He heard the awful mandate of the Lord
Resounding through the air, "Give back the
sword!"

The Rabbi bowed his head in silent prayer!
Then said he to the dreadful Angel, "Swear,
No human eye shalt look on it again;
But when thou takest away the souls of men,
Thyself unseen, and with an unseen sword,
Thou wilt perform the bidding of the Lord."

The Angel took the sword again, and swore,
And walks on earth unseen forevermore.

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "THE CHANNINGS," "EAST LYNNE," "THE EARL'S HEIRS," "A LIFE'S SECRET," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER LVII.

WAS IT A SPECTRE?

If the fair forms crowding to the *fête* at Deerham Hall had but known how near that *fête* was to being shorn of its master's presence, they had gone less hopefully. Scarcely one of the dowagers and chaperones bidden to it but cast a longing eye to the heir, for their daughter's sake; scarcely a daughter but experienced a fluttering of the heart, as the fond fancy presented itself that she might be singled out for the chosen partner of Sir Edmund Hautley: for the night at any rate; and—perhaps—for the long night of the future. But when the clock struck six that evening, Sir Edmund Hautley had not arrived.

Miss Hautley was in a fever,—as nearly in one as it is in the nature of a cold single lady of fifty-eight to go, when some overwhelming disappointment falls abruptly. According to arranged plans, Sir Edmund was to have been at home by middle day, crossing by the night boat from the Continent. Middle day came and went; afternoon came and went; evening came—and he had not come. Miss Hautley would have set the telegraph to work, had she known where to set it to.

But good luck was in store for her. A train, arriving between six and seven, brought him: and his carriage—the carriage of his late father, which had been waiting at the station since eleven o'clock in the morning—conveyed him home.

Very considerably astonished was Sir Edmund to find the programme which had been carved out for the night's amusement. He did not like it; it jarred upon his sense of propriety; and he spoke a hint of this to Miss Hautley. It was the death of his father which had called him home: a father with whom he had lived for the last few years of his life upon terms of estrangement—at any rate, upon one point: was it seemly that his inauguration should be one of gayety? Yes. Miss Hautley decisively answered. Their friends were not meeting to bewail Sir Rufus's death; *that* took place months ago; but to welcome, his, Sir Edmund's return, and his entrance on his inheritance.

Sir Edmund—a sunny-tempered, yielding man, the very opposite in spirit to his dead father, to his live aunt—conceded the point: doing it with all the better grace, perhaps, that there was now no help for it. In an hour or two's time the guests would be arriving. Miss Hautley inquired curiously as to the point upon which he and Sir Rufus had been at issue: she had never been able to learn it from Sir Rufus. Neither did it now appear that she was likely to learn it from Sir Edmund. It was a private matter, he said, a smile crossing his lips as he spoke: one entirely between himself and his father, and he could not speak of it. It had driven him abroad, she believed, Miss Hautley remarked, vexed that she was still to remain in the dark. Yes, acquiesced Sir Edmund: it had driven him abroad and kept him there.

He was ready, and stood in his place to receive his guests; a tall man, of some five-and-thirty years, with a handsome face and pleasant smile upon it. He greeted his old friends cordially, those with whom he had been intimate, and was laughing and talking with the Countess of Elmsley when the announcement "Lady and Miss Verner" caught his ear.

It caused him to turn abruptly. Breaking off in the midst of a sentence, he quitted the Countess and went to meet those who had entered. Lady Verner's greeting was a somewhat elaborate one, and he looked round impatiently for Decima.

She stood in the shade behind her mother. Decima. Was *that* Decima? What had she done to her cheeks? They wore the crimson hectic which were all too characteristic of Sibylla's. Sir Edmund took her hand.

"I trust you are well?"

"Quite well, thank you," was her murmured answer, drawing away the hand which had hardly touched his.

Nothing could be more quiet than the meeting, nothing more simple than the words spoken: nothing, it may be said, more commonplace. But that Decima was suffering from some intense agitation, there could be no doubt: and the next moment her face had turned of that same ghastly hue which had startled her brother Lionel when he was handing her into the carriage. Sir Edmund continued speaking with them a few minutes, and then was called off to receive other guests.

"Have you forgotten how to dance, Edmund?"

The question came from Miss Hautley, disturbing him as he made the centre of a group to whom he was speaking of his Indian life.

"I don't suppose I have," he said, turning to her. "Why?"

"People are thinking so," said Miss Hautley. "The music has been bursting out into fresh attempts this last half hour, and impatience is getting irrepressible. They cannot begin, Edmund, without you. Your partner is waiting."

"My partner?" reiterated Sir Edmund. "I have asked nobody yet."

"But I have for you. At least, I have as good as done it. Lady Constance—"

"Oh, my dear aunt, you are very kind," he hastily interrupted; "but when I do dance—which is of rare occurrence—I like to choose my own partner. I must do so now."

"Well, take care, then," was the answer of Miss Hautley, not deeming it necessary to drop her voice in the least. "The room is anxious to see upon whom it will be fixed: it may be a type, they are saying, of what another choice of yours may be."

Sir Edmund laughed good-humoredly, making a joke of the allusion. "Then I must walk round deliberately and look out for myself—as it is said some of our royal reigning potentates have done. Thank you for the hint."

But, instead of walking round deliberately, Sir Edmund Hautley walked direct to one point of the room, halting before Lady Verner and Decima. He bent to the former, speaking a few words in a joking tone.

"I am bade to fix upon a partner, Lady Verner. May it be your daughter?"

Lady Verner looked at Decima. "She so seldom dances. I do not think you will persuade her."

"I think I can," he softly said, holding out his arm. And Decima rose and put hers into it without a word.

"How capricious she is!" remarked Lady Verner to the Countess of Elmsley, who was sitting next her. "If I had pressed her she would probably have said no. As she has done so many times."

He took his place at the head of the room, Decima by his side in her white silk robes. Decima with her wondrous beauty, and the hectic on her cheeks again. Many an envious pair of eyes were cast to her. "That dreadful old maid, Decima Verner!" were amongst the compliments launched at her. "*She* to usurp him! How had my Lady Verner contrived to manoeuvre for it?"

But Sir Edmund did not appear dissatisfied with his partner, if the room was. He paid a vast deal more attention to her than he did to the dance: the latter he put out more than once, his head and eyes being bent, whispering to Decima. Before the dance was over the hectic on her cheeks had grown deeper.

"Are you afraid of the night air?" he asked, leading her through the conservatory to the door at its other end.

"No. It never hurts me."

He proceeded along the gravel path round to the other side of the house: there he opened the glass doors of a room and entered it. It led into another, bright with fire.

"It is my own sitting room," he observed. "Nobody will intrude upon us here."

Taking up the poker, he stirred the fire into a blaze. Then he put it down and turned to her, as she stood on the hearth-rug.

"Decima!"

It was only a simple name; but Sir Edmund's whole frame was quivering with emotion as he spoke it. He clasped her to him with a strangely fond gesture, and bent his face on hers.

"I left my farewell on your lips when I quitted you, Decima. I must take my welcome from them now."

She burst into tears as she clung to him.

"Sir Rufus sent for me when he was dying," she whispered. "Edmund, he said he was sorry to have opposed you; he said he would not if the time could come over again."

"I know it," he answered. "I have his full consent; nay, his blessing. They are but a few words, but they were the last he ever wrote. You shall see them, Decima; he calls you my future wife, Lady Hautley. Oh, my darling! what a long, a cruel separation it has been!"

Ay! far more long, more cruel for Decima than for him. She was feeling it bitterly now, as the tears poured down her face. Sir Edmund placed her in a chair. He hung over her scarcely less agitated than she was, soothing her with all the fondness of his true heart, with the sweet words she had once known so well. He turned to the door when she grew calmer.

"I am going to bring Lady Verner. It is time she knew it."

Not through the garden this time, but through the open passages of the house, lined with servants, went Sir Edmund. Lady Verner was in the seat where they left her. He made his way to her, and held his arm out that she might take it.

"Will you allow me to monopolize you for a few minutes?" he said. "I have a tale to tell in which you may feel interested."

"About India?" she asked, as she rose. "I suppose you used to meet some of my old friends there?"

"Not about India," he answered, leading her from the room. "India can wait. About some one nearer and dearer to us than any now in India. Lady Verner, when I asked you just now to permit me to fix upon your daughter as a partner, I could have added for life. Will you give me Decima?"

Had Sir Edmund Hautley asked for herself, Lady Verner could scarcely have been more astonished. He poured into her ear the explanation, the whole tale of their old love, the inveterate opposition to it of Sir Rufus—which had driven him abroad.

"It was *that* caused you to exile yourself!" she reiterated in her amazement.

"It was, Lady Verner. Marry in opposition to my father, I would not—and had I been willing to brave him, Decima would not. So I left my home; I left Decima; my father perfectly understanding that our engagement existed still; that it only lay in abeyance until happier times. When he was dying, he repented of his harshness, and recalled his interdict; by letter to me, personally to Decima. He died with a blessing for us both on his lips. Jan can tell you so."

"What has Jan to do with it?" exclaimed Lady Verner.

"Sir Rufus made a confidant of Jan, and charged him with the message to me. It was Jan who enclosed to me the few words my father was able to trace."

"I think Jan might have imparted the secret to me," resentfully spoke Lady Verner. "It is just like ungrateful Jan."

"Jan ungrateful?—never!" spoke Sir Edmund, warmly. "There's not a truer heart breathing, than Jan's. It was not his secret, and I expect he did not consider himself at liberty to tell even you. Decima would have imparted it to you years ago, when I went away, but for one thing."

"What may that have been?" asked Lady Verner.

"Because we feared, she and I, that your pride would be so wounded, and not unjustly, at my father's unreasonable opposition, that you might, in retaliation, forbid the alliance, then and always. You see I am candid, Lady Verner. I can afford to be, can I not?"

"Decima ought to have told me," was all the reply given by Lady Verner.

"And Decima would have told you, at all hazards, but for my urgent entreaties. The blame is wholly mine, Lady Verner. You must forgive me."

"In what lay the objection of Sir Rufus?" she asked.

"I honestly believe that it arose entirely from that dogged self-will—may I be forgiven for speaking thus irreverently of my dead father!—which was his great characteristic through life. It was I who chose Decima, not he; and therefore my father opposed it. To Decima and to Decima's family he could not have any possible objection—in fact he had not. But he liked to oppose his will to mine. I—if I know anything of myself—am the very reverse of self-willed, and I had always yielded to him. No question, until this, had ever arisen that was of vital importance to my life and its happiness."

"Sir Rufus may have resented her want of fortune," remarked Lady Verner.

"I think not. He was not a covetous or a selfish man; and our revenues are such that I can make ample settlements on my wife. No, it was the self-will. But it is all over, and I can openly claim her. You will give her to me, Lady Verner?"

"I suppose I must," was the reply of my lady. "But people have been calling her an old maid."

Sir Edmund laughed.

"How they will be disappointed! Some of their eyes may be opened to-night. I shall not deem it necessary to make a secret of our engagement now."

"You must permit me to ask one question, Sir Edmund. Have you and Decima corresponded?"

"No. We separated for the time entirely. The engagement existing in our own hearts alone."

"I am glad to hear it. I did *not* think Decima would have carried on a correspondence unknown to me."

"I am certain that she would not. And for that reason I never asked her to do it. Until I met Decima to-night, Lady Verner, we have had no communication with each other since I left. But I am quite sure that neither of us has doubted the other for a single moment."

"It has been a long while to wait," mused Lady Verner, as they entered the presence of Decima, who started up to receive them.

When they returned to the rooms, Sir Edmund with Decima, Lady Verner by her daughter's side, the first object that met their view was Jan—Jan at a ball! Lady Verner lifted her eyebrows; she had never believed that Jan would really show himself where he must be so entirely out of place. But there Jan was; in decent dress, too; black clothes, and a white neckloth and gloves. Jan's great hands laid hold of both Sir Edmund's.

"I'm uncommon glad you are back!" cried he—which was his polite phrase for expressing satisfaction.

"So am I, Jan," heartily answered Sir Edmund. "I have never had a real friend, Jan, since I left you."

"We can be friends still," said plain Jan.

"Ay," said Sir Edmund, meaningly, "and brothers."

But the last word was spoken in Jan's ear alone, for they were in a crowd now.

"To see you here, very much surprises me, Jan," remarked Lady Verner, asperity in her tone. "I hope you will contrive to behave properly."

Lady Mary Elmsley, then standing with them, laughed.

"What are you afraid he should do, Lady Verner?"

"He was not made for society," said Lady Verner, with asperity.

"Nor society for me," returned Jan, good-humoredly. "I'd rather be watching a case of fever."

"Oh, Jan?" cried Lady Mary, laughing still.

"So I would," repeated Jan. "At somebody's bedside, in my easy coat, I feel at home. And I feel that I am doing good: that's more. *This* is nothing but waste of time."

"You hear?" appealed Lady Verner to them, as if Jan's avowal were a passing proof of her assertion—that he and society were antagonistic to each other. "*I* wonder you took the thought to attire yourself decently," she added, her face retaining its strong vexation. "Had anybody asked me, I should have given it as my opinion that you had not things fit to appear in."

"I have got these," returned Jan, looking down at his clothes. "Won't they do? It's my funeral suit."

The unconscious matter-of-fact style of Jan's avowal was beyond everything. Lady Verner was struck dumb, Sir Edmund smiled, and Mary Elmsley laughed outright.

"Oh, Jan!" said she, "you'll be a child all your days. What do you mean by your 'funeral suit?'"

"Anybody might know that," was Jan's answer to Lady Mary. "It's the suit I keep for funerals. A doctor is always getting asked to attend them; and if he does not go, he offends the people."

"You might have kept the information to yourself," rebuked Lady Verner.

"It doesn't matter, does it?" asked Jan. "Aren't they good enough to come in?"

He turned his head round, to get a glance at the said suit behind. Sir Edmund laid his hand affectionately on his shoulder. Young as Jan had been before Edmund Hautley went out, they had lived close friends.

"The clothes are all right, Jan. And if you had come without a coat at all, you would have been equally welcome to me."

"I should not have gone to this sort of thing anywhere else, you know; it is not in my line, as my mother says. I came to see you."

"And I would rather see you, Jan, than anybody else in the room—with one exception," was the reply of Sir Edmund. "I am sorry not to see Lionel."

"He couldn't come," answered Jan. "His wife turned crusty, and said she'd come if he did—something of that—and so he stayed at home. She is very ill, and she wants to ignore it, and go out all the same. It is not fit she should."

"Pray do you mean to dance, Jan?" inquired Lady Verner, the question being put ironically.

"Not I," returned Jan. "Who'd dance with me?"

"I'll dance with you, Jan," said Lady Mary.

Jan shook his head.

"I might get my feet entangled in the petticoats."

"Not you, Jan," said Sir Edmund, laughing. "I should risk that, if a lady asked me."

"She'd not care to dance with me," returned Jan, looking at Mary Elmsley. "She only says it out of good nature."

"No, Jan, I don't think I do," avowed Lady Mary. "I should like to dance with you."

"I'd stand up with you, if I stood up with anybody," replied Jan. "But where's the good of it? I don't know the figures and should only put you out, as well as everybody else."

So, what with his ignorance of the figures, and his dreaded awkwardness amidst the trains, Jan was allowed to rest in peace. Mary Elmsley told him that, if he would come over sometimes to their house in an evening, she and her young sisters would practise the figures with him, so that he might learn them. It was Jan's turn to laugh now. The notion of his practising dancing, or having evenings to waste on it, amused him considerably.

"Go to your house to learn dancing!" echoed he. "Folks would be for putting me into a lunatic asylum. If I do find an hour to myself any odd evening, I have to get to my dissection. I went shares the other day in a beautiful subject—"

"I don't think you need tell me of that, Jan," interrupted Lady Mary, keeping her countenance.

"I wonder you talk to him, Mary," observed Lady Verner. "You hear how he repays you. He means it for good breeding, perhaps."

"I don't mean it for rudeness, at any rate," returned Jan. "Lady Mary knows that. Don't you?" he added, turning to her.

A strangely thrilling expression in her eyes as she looked at him was her only answer.

"I would rather have that sort of rudeness from you, Jan," said she, "than the world's hollow politeness. There is so much of false—"

Mary Elmsley's sentence was never concluded. What was it that had broken in upon them? What object was that, gliding into the room like a ghost, on whom all eyes were strained with a terrible fascination? *Was* it a ghost? It appeared ghastly enough for one. Was it one of Jan's "subjects" come after him to the ball? Was it a corpse? It looked more like that than anything else. A corpse bedizened with jewels.

"She's mad!" exclaimed Jan, who was the first to recover his speech.

"What is it?" ejaculated Sir Edmund, gazing with something very like fear, as the spectacle bore down towards him.

"It is my brother's wife," explained Jan. "You may see how fit she is to come."

There was no time for more. Sibylla had her hand held out to Sir Edmund, a wan smile on her ghastly face. His hesitation, his evident discomposure, as he took it, were not lost upon her.

"You have forgotten me, Sir Edmund: but I should have known you anywhere. Your face is bronzed, and it is the only change. Am *I* so much changed?"

"Yes, you are; greatly changed," was his involuntary acknowledgment in his surprise. "I should not have recognized you for the Sibylla West of those old days."

"I was at an age to change," she said. "I—"

The words were stopped by a fit of coughing. Not the ordinary cough, more or less violent, that we hear in every-day intercourse; but the dreadful cough that tells its tale of the hopeless state within. She had discarded her opera cloak, and stood there, her shoulders, back, neck, all bare and naked; tres decolletee, as the French would say; shivering palpably; imparting the idea of a skeleton with rattling bones. Sir Edmund Hautley, quitting Decima, took her arm compassionately and led her to a seat.

Mrs. Verner did not like the attention. Pity, compassion, was in every line of his face—in every gesture of his gentle hand: and she resented it.

"I am not ill," she declared to Sir Edmund, between the paroxysms of her distressing cough. "The wind seemed to take my throat as I got out of the fly, and it is making me cough a little, but I am not ill. Has Jan been telling you that I am?"

She turned round fiercely on Jan as she spoke. Jan had followed her to her chair, and stood near her: he may have deemed that so evident an invalid should possess a doctor at hand. A good thing that Jan was of equable temper, of easy temperament; otherwise there might have been perpetual open war between him and Sibylla. She did not spare to him her sarcasms and her insults; but never, in all Jan's intercourse with her, had he resented them.

"No one has told me anything about you in particular, Mrs. Verner," was the reply of Sir Edmund. "I see that you look delicate."

"I am not delicate," she sharply said. "It is nothing. I should be very well, if it were not for Jan."

"That's good," returned Jan. "What do I do?"

"You worry me," she answered, curtly. "You say I must not go out; I must not do this, or do the other. You know you do. Presently you will be saying I must not dance. But I *will*."

"Does Lionel know you have come?" inquired Jan, leaving other questions in abeyance.

"I don't know. It's nothing to him. He was not going to stop *me*. I am quite enchanted that you have come home, Sir Edmund," she added, turning to the baronet.

"I am pleased myself, Mrs. Verner. Home has more charms for me than the world knows of."

"You will give us some nice entertainments, I hope," she continued, her cough beginning to subside. "Sir Rufus lived like a hermit."

That she would not live to partake of any entertainments he might give, Sir Edmund Hautley felt as sure as though he had then seen her in her grave-clothes. No, not even could he be deceived, or entertain the faintest false hope, though the cough became stilled, and the brilliant hectic of reaction shone on her cheeks. Very beautiful would she then have looked, save for her attenuated frame, with that bright crimson flush and her gleaming golden hair.

Quite sufficiently beautiful to attract partners, and one came up and requested her to dance. She rose in acquiescence, turning her back right upon Jan, who would have interposed.

"Go away," said she. "I don't want any lecturing from you."

But Jan did not go away. He laid his hand impressively upon her shoulder.

"You must not do it, Sibylla. There's a pond outside; it's just as good you went and threw yourself into that. It would do you no more harm."

She jerked her shoulder away from him; laughing a little scornful laugh, and saying a few contemptuous words to her partner directed to Jan. Jan propped his back against the wall, and watched her, giving her a few words in his turn.

"As good try to turn a mule, as turn *her*."

He watched her through the quadrille. He watched the gradually increasing excitement of her temperament. Nothing could be more pernicious for her; nothing more dangerous: as Jan knew. Presently he watched her plunge into a waltz, and just at that moment his eyes fell on Lionel.

He had just entered; he was shaking hands with Sir Edmund Hautley. Jan made his way to them.

"Have you seen Sibylla, Jan?" was the first question of Lionel to his brother. "I hear she has come."

For answer, Jan pointed towards a couple amidst the waltzers, and Lionel's dismayed gaze fell on his wife, whirling round at a mad speed, her eyes glistening, her cheeks burning, her bosom heaving; with the violence of the exertion, her poor breath seemed to rise in loud gasps, shaking her to pieces, and the sweat-drops poured off her brow.

One dismayed exclamation, and Lionel took a step forward. Jan caught him back.

"It is of no use, Lionel. I have tried. It would only make a scene, and be productive of no end. I am not sure either, whether opposition at the present moment would not do as much harm as is being done."

"Jan!" cried Sir Edmund, in an undertone, "is—she—dying?"

"She is not far off it," was Jan's answer.

Lionel had yielded to Jan's remonstrance, and stood back against the wall, as Jan had previously been doing. The waltz came to an end: in the dispersion Lionel lost sight of his wife. A few moments, and strange sounds of noise and confusion were echoing from an adjoining room. Jan went away at his own rate of speed, Lionel in his wake. They had caught the reiterated words, spoken in every phase of terrified tones, "Mrs. Verner! Mrs. Verner!"

Ah, poor Mrs. Verner! That had been her last dance on earth. The terrible exertion had induced a fit of coughing of unnatural violence, and in the straining a blood-vessel had once more broken.

CHAPTER LVIII.

THE LAMP BURNT OUT AT LAST.

From the roof of the house to the floor of the cellar, ominous silence reigned in Deerham Court. Mrs. Verner lay in it—dying. She had been conveyed home from the Hall on the morning following the catastrophe. Miss Hautley and Sir Edmund urged her remaining longer, offering every possible hospitality; but poor Sibylla seemed to have taken a caprice against it. Caprices she would have up to her last breath. All her words were "Home! home!" Jan said she might be moved with safety and she was taken there.

She seemed none the worse for the removal—she was none the worse for it. She was dying, but the transit had not increased her danger or her pain. Dr. Hayes had been over in the course of the night, and was now expected again.

"It's all waste of time, his coming; he can't do anything; but it is satisfaction for Lionel," observed Jan to his mother.

Lady Verner felt inclined to blame those of her household who had been left at home for Sibylla's escapade: all of them—Lionel, Lucy Tempest, and the servants. They ought to have prevented it, she said; have kept her in by force, had needs been. But she blamed them wrongly. Lionel might have done so had he been present; there was no knowing whether he would so far have exerted his authority, but the scene that would inevitably have ensued might not have been less fatal in its consequences to Sibylla. Lucy answered, and with truth, that any remonstrance of hers to Sibylla would never have been listened to; and the servants excused themselves—it was not their place to presume to oppose Mr. Verner's wife.

She lay on the sofa in her dressing-room, propped up by pillows: her face wan, her breathing labored. Decima with her, calm and still; Catherine hovered near, to be useful, if necessary; Lady Verner was in her room within call; Lucy Tempest sat on the stairs. Lucy, remembering certain curious explosions, feared that her presence might not be acceptable to the invalid; but Lucy partook of the general restlessness, and sat down in her simple fashion on the stairs, listening for news from the sick chamber. Neither she nor any one else in the house could have divested themselves of the prevailing excitement that day, or settled to calmness in the remotest degree. Lucy wished from her very heart that she could do anything to alleviate the sufferings of Mrs. Verner, or to soothe the general discomfort.

By and by, Jan entered, and came straight up the stairs. "Am I to walk over you, Miss Lucy?"

"There's plenty of room to go by, Jan," she answered, pulling her dress aside.

"Are you doing penance?" he asked, as he strode past her.

"It is so dull, remaining in the drawing-room by myself," answered Lucy, apologetically. "Everybody is up stairs."

Jan went into the sick room, and Lucy sat on, in silence; her head bent down on her knees, as before. Presently Jan returned.

"Is she any better, Jan?"

"She's no worse," was Jan's answer. "That's something, when it comes to this stage. Where's Lionel?"

"I do not know," replied Lucy. "I think he went out. "Jan," she added, dropping her voice, "will she get well?"

"Get well!" echoed Jan in his plainness. "It's not likely. She won't be here four-and-twenty hours longer."

"Oh, Jan!" uttered Lucy, painfully startled and distressed. "What a dreadful thing! And all because of her going out last night!"

"Not altogether," answered Jan. "It has hastened it, no doubt; but the ending was not far off in any case."

"If I could but save her!" murmured Lucy, in her unselfish sympathy. "I shall always be thinking that perhaps if I had spoken to her last night, instead of going out to find Mr. Verner, she might not have gone."

"Look here," said Jan. "You are not an angel yet, are you, Miss Lucy?"

"Not at all like one, I fear, Jan," was her sad answer.

"Well, then, I can tell you, for your satisfaction, that an angel, coming down from heaven, and endued with angel's powers, wouldn't have stopped her last night. She'd have gone in spite of you; and of all. Her mind was made up to it; and her telling Lionel in the morning that she'd give up going, provided he would promise to take her for a day's pleasure to Heartburg, was only a ruse to throw the house off its guard."

Jan passed down. Lucy sat on. As Jan was crossing the court-yard,—for he actually went out at the front door for once in his life, as he had done the day he had carried the blanket and the black tea-kettle—he encountered John Massingbird. Mr. John wore his usual free-and-easy costume, and had his short pipe in his mouth.

"I say," began he, "what's this tale about Mrs. Lionel? Folks are saying that she went off to Hautley's last night, and danced herself to death."

"That's near enough," replied Jan. "She would go; and she did; and she danced; and she finished it up by breaking a blood-vessel. And now she is dying."

"What was Lionel about, to let her go?"

"Lionel knew nothing of it. She slipped off while he was out. Nobody was in the house but Lucy Tempest and one or two of the servants. She dressed herself on the quiet, sent for a fly, and went."

"And danced!"

"And danced," assented Jan. "Her back and shoulders looked like a bag of bones. You might nearly have heard them rattle."

"I always said there were moments when Sibylla's mind was not right," composedly observed John Massingbird. "Is there any hope?"

"None. There has not been hope, in point of fact, for a long while," continued Jan. "As any body might have seen, except Sibylla. She has been obstinately blind to it. Although her father warned her, when he was here, that she could not live."

John Massingbird smoked for some moments in silence.

"She was always sickly," he presently said. "Sickly in constitution; sickly in temper."

Jan nodded. But what he might farther have said was stopped by the entrance of Lionel. He came in at the gate, looking jaded and tired. His mind was ill at ease, and he had not been to bed.

"I have been searching for you, Jan. Dr. West ought to be telegraphed to. Can you tell where he is?"

"No, I can't," replied Jan. "He was at Biarritz when he last wrote; but they were about to leave it. I expect to hear from him daily. If we did know where he is, Lionel, telegraphing would be of no use. He could not get here."

"I should like him telegraphed to, if possible," was Lionel's answer.

"I'll telegraph to Biarritz, if you like," said Jan. "He is sure to have left it, though."

"Do so," returned Lionel. "Will you come in?" he added, to John Massingbird.

"No, thank you," replied John Massingbird. "They'd not like my pipe. Tell Sibylla I hope she'll get over it. I'll come again by and by, and hear how she is."

Lionel went indoors and passed up-stairs with a heavy footstep. Lucy started up from her place, but not before he had seen her in it.

"Why do you sit there, Lucy?"

"I don't know," she answered, blushing that he should have caught her there, though she had not cared for Jan's doing so. "It is lonely down stairs to-day; here I can ask everybody who comes out of the room how she is. I wish I could cure her! I wish I could do anything for her!"

He laid his hand lightly on her head as he passed.

"Thank you for all, my dear child!" and there was a strange tone of pain in his low voice as he spoke it.

Only Decima was in the room then, and she quitted it as Lionel entered. Treading softly across the carpet, he took his seat in a chair opposite Sibylla's couch. She slept—for a great wonder—or appeared to sleep. The whole morning long—nay, the whole night long, her bright, restless eyes had been wide open: sleep as far from her as it could well be. It had seemed that her fractious temper kept the sleep away. But her eyes were closed now, and two dark purple rims enclosed them, terribly dark on the wan white face. Suddenly the eyes unclosed with a start, as if her doze had been abruptly disturbed, though Lionel had been perfectly still. She looked at him for a minute or two in silence, and he, knowing it would be well that she should doze again, neither spoke nor moved.

"Lionel, am I dying?"

Quietly as the words were spoken, they struck on his ear with startling intensity. He rose then and pushed her hair from her damp brow with a fond hand, murmuring some general inquiry as to how she felt.

"Am I dying?" came again from the panting lips.

What was he to answer her? To say that she was dying, might send her into a paroxysm of terror; to deceive her in that awful hour by telling her that she was not, went against every feeling of his heart.

"But I don't want to die," she urged, in some excitement, interpreting his silence to mean the worst. "Can't Jan do anything for me? Can't Dr. Hayes?"

"Dr. Hayes will be here soon," observed Lionel soothingly, if somewhat evasively. "He will come by the next train."

She took his hand, held it between hers, and looked beseechingly up to his face. "I don't want to leave you," she whispered. "Oh, Lionel! keep me here if you can! You know you are always kind to me. Sometimes I have reproached you that you were not, but it was not true. You have been ever kind, have you not?"

"I have ever striven to be so," he answered, the tears glistening on his eyelashes.

"I don't want to die. I want to get well and go about again, like I used to do when at Verner's Pride. Now Sir Edmund Hautley is come home, that will be a good place to visit at. Lionel, I don't want to die! *Can't you keep me in life?*"

"If by sacrificing my own life I could save yours, Heaven knows how willingly I would do it," he tenderly answered.

"Why should I die? Why should I die, more than others? I don't think I am dying, Lionel," she added, after a pause. "I shall get well yet."

She stretched out her hand for some cooling drink that was near, and Lionel gave her a teaspoonful. He was giving her another, but she jerked her head away and spilled it.

"It's not nice," she said. So he put it down.

"I want to see Deborah," she resumed.

"My dear, they are at Heartburg. I told you so this morning. They will be home no doubt by the next train. Jan has sent to them."

"What should they do at Heartburg?" she fractiously asked.

"They went over yesterday to remain until to-day, I hear."

Subsiding into silence, she lay quite still, save for her panting breath, holding Lionel's hand as he bent over her. Some noise in the corridor outside attracted her attention, and she signed to him to open the door.

"Perhaps it is Dr. Hayes," she murmured. "He is better than Jan."

Better than Jan, insomuch as that he was rather given to assure his patients they would soon be strong enough to enjoy the al fresco delights of a gipsy party, even though he knew that they had not an hour's prolonged life left in them. Not so Jan. Never did a more cheering doctor enter a sick room than Jan, so long as there was the faintest shade of hope. But when the closing scene was actually come, the spirit all but upon the wing, then Jan whispered of hope no more. He could not do it in his pure sincerity. Jan could be silent; but Jan could not tell a man, whose soul was hovering on the entrance of the next world, that he might yet recreate himself, dancing hornpipes in this. Dr. Hayes would; it was in his creed to do so; and in that respect Dr. Hayes was different from Jan.

It was not Dr. Hayes. As Lionel opened the door, Lucy was passing it, and Therese was at the end of the corridor talking to Lady Verner. Lucy stopped to make her kind inquiries, her tone a low one, of how the invalid was then.

"Whose voice is that?" called out Mrs. Verner, her words scarcely reaching her husband's ears.

"It is Lucy Tempest," he said, closing the door and returning to her. "She was asking after you."

"Tell her to come in."

Lionel opened the door again, and beckoned to Lucy.

"Mrs. Verner is asking if you will come in and see her," he said as she approached.

All the old grievances, the insults of Sibylla, blotted out from her gentle and forgiving mind, lost sight of in this great crisis, Lucy went up to the couch, and stood by the side of Sibylla. Lionel leaned over its back.

"I trust you are not feeling very ill, Mrs Verner," she said in a low, sweet tone, as she bent towards her and touched her hand. Touched it only; let her own fall lightly upon it; as if she did not feel sufficiently sure of Sibylla's humor to presume to take it.

"No, I don't think I'm better. I am so weak here."

She touched her chest as she spoke. Lucy, perhaps somewhat at a loss what to say, stood in silence.

"I have been very cross to you sometimes, Lucy," she resumed. "I meant nothing. I used to feel vexed with everybody, and said foolish things without meaning it. It was so cruel to be turned from Verner's Pride, and it made me unhappy."

"Indeed I do not think anything about it," replied Lucy, the tears rising to her eyes in her forgiving tenderness. "I know how ill you must have felt. I used to feel that I should like to help you to bear the pain and the sorrow."

Sibylla lay panting. Lucy remained as she was; Lionel also. Presently she, Sibylla, glanced at Lucy.

"I wish you'd kiss me."

Lucy, unnerved by the words, bent closer to her, a shower of tears falling from her eyes on Sibylla's face.

"If I could but save her life for you!" she murmured to Lionel, glancing up at him through her eyes as she rose from the embrace, and she saw that Lionel's eyes were wet as hers.

And now there was a commotion outside. Sounds, as of talking and wailing and crying, were heard. Little need to tell Lionel that they came from the Miss Wests: he recognized the voices; and Lucy glided forward to open the door.

Poor ladies! They were wont to say ever after that their absence had happened on purpose. Mortified at being ignored in Miss Hautley's invitations, they had made a little plan to get out of Deerham. An old friend in Heartburg had repeatedly pressed them to dine there and remain for the night, and they determined to avail themselves of the invitation this very day of the *fete* at Deerham Hall. It would be pleasant to have to say to inquisitive friends, "We could not attend it, we were engaged to Heartburg." Many a lady, of more account in the world than Deborah and Amilly West, has resorted to a less innocent ruse to conceal a slight offered. Jan had despatched Master Cheese that morning with the information of Sibylla's illness; and here they were back again, full of grief of consternation, and ready to show it in their demonstrative way.

Lionel hastened out to them, a Hush—sh! upon his tongue. He caught hold of them as they were hastening in.

"Yes; but not like this. Be still for her sake."

Deborah looked at his pale face, reading it aright.

"Is she so ill as *that?*" she gasped. "Is there no hope?"

He only shook his head.

"Whatever you do, preserve a calm demeanor before her. We must keep her in tranquillity."

"Master Cheese says she went to the ball—and danced," said Deborah. "Mr. Verner, why did you allow it?"

"She did go," he answered. "It was no fault of mine."

Heavier footsteps up the stairs now. They were those of the physician, who had come by the train which had brought the Miss Wests. He, Dr. Hayes, entered the room, and they stole in after him; Lionel followed; Jan came bustling in, and made another; and Lucy remained outside.

Lady Verner saw Dr. Hayes when he was going away.

"There was no change," he said, in answer to her inquiries; "Mrs. Verner was certainly in a very weak, sick state—and there was no change."

The Miss Wests removed their travelling garments, and took up their stations in the sick room—not to leave it again until the life should have departed from Sibylla. Lionel remained in it. Decima and Catherine went in and out, and Jan made frequent visits to the house.

"Tell papa it is the leaving Verner's Pride that has killed me," said Sibylla to Amilly with nearly her latest breath.

There was no bed for any of them that night, any more than there had been the previous one. A life was hovering in the balance. Lucy sat with Lady Verner, and the rest went in to them occasionally, taking news. Dawn was breaking when one went in for the last time.

It was Jan. He had come to break the tidings to his mother, and he sat himself down on the arm of the sofa—Jan fashion—while he did it.

The flickering lamp of life had burnt out at last. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ In the Glasgow Journal, a *jeu d'esprit* recently appeared, written in imitation of the style of Carlyle, and introduced with an editorial note, which stated that "Its peculiar style rendered it unnecessary to say from what 'distinguished literary person' it proceeded." One Robert Duncan, having sent the article to Mr. Carlyle, with a note directing his attention to it, has received an answer, in which Mr. Carlyle says: "Time and human patience are too valuable to allow of any word from me, beyond the strictly necessary, on that excerpt you have been so good as to send me from the Glasgow Morning Journal for November 26, in the belief that it is not mine. Rest well assured that it is not; that I have no share in it more than the dead or the unborn; and that if the impertinent blockhead who did write it could be laid hold of and put into the treadmill, or horsewhipped—in moderation—I should think it might be useful to himself and others."

☞ None of us like the crying of another person's baby.

☞ Don't put your watch under your pillow; a man should never "sleep upon his watch."

☞ There is often but a slight separation between a woman's love and her hate; her keen teeth are very near to her sweet lips.

☞ A traveller being at a coffee house with some gentlemen, was largely drawing on the credulity of the company. "Where did you say all these wonders happened, sir?" asked a gentleman present. "I can't exactly say," replied the traveller; "but somewhere on the continent—Russia, I think." "I should rather think It-a-ly," returned the other.

☞ When the thermometer falls, how often, on an average, does it break?

☞ If a clock could speak to a parrot, what would it say? Poll I ticks.

☞ The late World's Exhibition, in London, was visited by 6,100,000 people, who, besides eating an immense quantity of cakes, buns, cheese, biscuits, and other food, drank 2,300,000 pints of ale and porter, 123,000 bottles of ginger beer, 101,600 of lemonade, 31,000 of soda water, and 10,500 of Seltzer water. Pretty extensive guzzling, that!

☞ A beau dismissed by a belle, and an arrow dismissed by a bow, are apt to be off in a hurry.

☞ Be sure and cover the bits of your bridles with leather, to prevent the frost from making the mouths of your horses sore; it is downright cruelty to put an iron bit into a horse's mouth on a cold morning. If you doubt it, bit yourself some day, when the mercury stands below zero.

☞ When you cut India rubber, keep the blade of your knife wet, and you can then cut it without difficulty.

☞ There is a tailor in Jersey rejoicing in the somewhat encouraging-to-customers name of Edward Rumfit.

☞ He that blows the coals in quarrels he has nothing to do with, has no right to complain if a spark fly in his face.

☞ Poverty, bitter though it is in many respects, has no sharper pang than this, that it makes men ridiculous.

☞ A Missouri letter in the Dubuque Times, says tobacco is used among the natives in the rural districts, indiscriminately, by both sexes, children as well as adults, both for chewing and smoking. A foraging party near Hunteville recently called at a house, where they found a woman and thirteen children, the three eldest being girls, and all "chawing" a "power" of tobacco. One of the party remarking that she was the first woman he ever saw chew tobacco, the old woman exclaimed, "Wall, neow whar was you brought up? Never *seen* a woman chaw 'bacar! Don't you have any *ladies* whar you was *raised!*"

BISHOP HOPKINS ON SLANDER.—If thou wouldst not be guilty of slander, be frequent in reflecting upon thine own miscarriages, or thy proneness to fall into the same or greater faults. When thou hearest or knowest of any foul and scandalous sin committed by another, look backward upon thine own life and actions. Canst thou find no blots in thy copy? Is the whole course of thy life fairly written upon thy conscience?

Methinks, our shame for our own sins should be a covering to the sins of others.

ON FITTING UP A HOME:
CONFESSIONS OF AN AMATEUR.

Every fruit grower and gardener has to educate himself, and generally pays very dear for his education. Multitudes get possession of the house, and a home lot, and the means to adorn it, before they get the knowledge requisite to lay out their money to good advantage. Many go-ahead without consulting architect, artist, or gardener—build, lay out grounds, plant trees—for it is the weakness of a Yankee to the manor born to think that he can do almost anything as well as if he had never done anything else. Such go-ahead improvers, after a few years' labor, begin to get hold of the principles of landscape gardening, especially if they travel much, and observing other well kept places, discover that they have made several blunders, if not more. The gate is in the wrong place, the carriage drive has taken the wrong turn, the Norway spruces hide objects that ought to be seen, and a good deal is brought into view that were better hidden. He has at length educated his taste so that he can enjoy nothing that he has done, and he has to "change his base" and begin again. The walks are moved, new hedges are planted, half grown trees are transplanted, some are cut down, fruit trees are thinned out, and the work of years is destroyed in a day. Many can never summon resolution enough to make the change, and go on cherishing the blunders of their early years. They have gained a good deal of knowledge by their experience, but it comes a little too late for them.

I do not come altogether under this latter category, for I have already changed many of my blunders, but a few, alas! must remain for another generation. I am willing to put some of these blunders upon record for the benefit of those who are just building new homes or beginning to improve them. First, then, is the neglect of the architect and the landscape gardener. There is a wide spread prejudice against these characters, probably from the fact that both professions have their unworthy representatives, miserable pretenders who do not understand the first principles of their business. But Downing has his worthy successors, and the man who wishes to avail himself of their aid, can easily find them. Two or three hundred dollars seems a large outlay for the plan of a house and outbuildings, but in an expenditure of fifteen or twenty thousand dollars, or even half that sum, it is of trifling importance. The plan determines the character of the house, and the comfort of the household for their whole lives. A door in the wrong place, or the want of one in the right place, is matter of daily annoyance. Bad arrangements in the kitchen and dining-room make a great deal of unnecessary labor for which you have to pay. The lodging-room and nursery upon the second or third story, instead of the first, make a multitude of weary footsteps for the wife and mother already overtaxed. The continued health of a wife and well being of children may depend upon so small a matter as the right location of a bedroom. No rewards are better earned, none are cheaper to the purchaser, than those of the architect who plans a house to meet the wants of your condition in life and your family. The problem to be solved varies with almost every family. It is the business of the architect to study these wants, and to meet them in the most economical manner. Many more than save the price of their services in the increased economy which they secure in building, and in the future labor in the household. Some houses are so badly arranged, that it requires three servants to do the work which two would easily perform in another.

The arrangement of the grounds around the dwelling is another, of less importance indeed, but still not to be overlooked. Every gem wants its appropriate setting, and a tasteful house may be half spoiled by its surroundings. We want the apples of gold in pictures of silver. Trees and shrubs may be so planted as to heighten the charms of the dwelling, and to give it additional shelter and warmth in winter. They may be so arranged as to command the most beautiful objects in the distance, or to obstruct the view. One of my neighbors has entirely buried himself up in his trees. His home stands on an eminence commanding a beautiful view of the distant sea and its islands, but he cannot see a sail from the window of the sitting-room, where the family spend most of their leisure hours. The windows look out pleasantly upon a lawn of four or five acres. But a large clump of evergreens completely obstructs the view. He is sheltered indeed, but he has cut off the cheerful light of the sun, and the pleasing aspects of nature around him. He might have bid defiance to the winds, and at the same time have wooed the sunlight. He is surrounded with green fields, but he can hardly get a glimpse of them.

This may seem to be a small matter to people without taste, but it has a good deal to do with the happiness of the family. We ride miles to get a pretty view from the summit of a hill, and enjoy the whitening sails of the sea, or the steamers that leave behind them their long trails of smoke. Such a view, or any other pleasing prospect, would seem to be worth preserving at home. I am a little old-fashioned in my tastes, but really, I prefer to have these pictures out of doors, rather than their imitations upon the walls of the parlor.

Twenty years ago, I planted a clump of evergreens, mostly Norway spruces and hemlocks, to hide a neighbor's barn across the way. They have grown wondrously, and more than accomplished their object, for they have hidden a glimpse of a sheet of water that lies at the foot of a hill a mile away. The trees are too beautiful to be cut away, it would be sacrilege to trim them, and I am in a quandary to know what to do with them. In tree planting, one needs to look ahead a little, and see what a tree will become when it is well developed. Smaller evergreens would have hidden my eyesore, and saved my lake.—HENRY HERBERT, in *American Agriculturist.*

Anecdote of Napoleon the First.

The employment in which Napoleon's confidential secretaries were engaged was of all kinds of slavery the most irksome. Day and night it was necessary to be on the spot. Sleep, meals, health, fatigue—nothing was regarded; a minute's absence would have been an unpardonable offence. Friends, pleasures, public amusements, promenades, rest—all must be given up. The Baron Maineval and the Baron Fain knew this by hard experience, but at the same time they enjoyed his boundless confidence. The most implicit reliance was placed on their discretion, and a truly royal liberality. They both merited the Emperor's confidence. One day, at two o'clock, the Emperor went out to hunt.

He will probably be absent, as usual, about four hours; so Maineval calculated. It was his father's birthday, and he thought he might surely leave the palace for a short time; therefore he would venture. He had bought a little villa, and anxiously desired to present the title-deeds to his father on that festive day. The Baron set out, and found on his arrival that the whole family were collected, who all received their unexpected visitor with enthusiasm. The present was given—the parent's heart was full of joy—happiness universally prevailed, and the generous son was entreated to tarry, that he might be their guest at dinner, which was then announced. The Baron refused, saying—

"The Emperor may return and ask for me."

"Oh," was the exclamation, "you are never away—the Emperor will not be angry."

The entreaties were redoubled, and the worthy secretary yielded to the general wish. Time flies swiftly to men surrounded by those whom they revere.

In the meantime the Emperor returns—even sooner than usual. He enters his cabinet.

"Maineval—let him be called."

They seek him in vain. Napoleon grows impatient.

"Well, where is Maineval?"

They fear to tell the Emperor that he is absent; but at last it is impossible to conceal it. At length the secretary returns.

"The Emperor has inquired for you. He is angry."

"All is lost," said Maineval to himself. He made up his mind, however, and presented himself. His reception was terrible.

"Where do you come from? Go about your business," exclaimed the enraged Emperor. "I do not want men that neglect their duty."

Maineval, in a state of distress and excitement, retired; he could not sleep that night, but pictured to his mind his fearful position—his prospects were all destroyed—his fortune ruined, and all hopes of future advancement were banished. At length day arrived. He reflected—"the Emperor did not give me a formal dismission." He therefore dressed himself, and at the usual hour went to the Emperor's cabinet.

Some minutes after Napoleon entered, looked at him without speaking, wrote a note, and then walked to and fro in the chamber. Maineval continued the task he had in hand, without lifting up his eyes. Napoleon, with his hands behind his back, stopped before him, and abruptly said—

"What ails you? Are you ill?"

"No sire," replied Maineval, rising up to answer.

"Sit down; you are ill. I don't like people telling me falsehoods. I insist on knowing."

"Sire—the fear of having forfeited the kindness of your Majesty deprived me of sleep."

"Where were you, then, yesterday?"

Maineval told him the cause of his absence. "I thought this little property would gratify my father."

"And pray, where did you get the money to buy this house?"

"I saved it, sire, out of the salary which your Majesty condescends to assign me."

Napoleon, after looking at him steadily for a few seconds, said, "Take a slip of paper, and write 'the treasurer of my civil list will pay the bearer the sum of eighty thousand francs.'" He took the draft and signed it.

"There, put that in your pocket, and now let us set about our regular business."

The astonished secretary found himself restored to his office, in possession of all his emoluments, and a richer man by eighty thousand francs.

☞ A goose is owned by a man in Norridgewock, Me., which is sixty-eight years old. Though attaining this green old age, she nevertheless is not a green goose. The secret of her longevity consists in the fact that she hid away for several seasons, at Christmas time, until she become so tough that they couldn't kill her, and let her live on.

☞ It is very natural that coffee should now-a-days have a soothing, *peas-able* effect, and it's very *bean-evolent* in the grocery-men to sell it so cheap.

☞ Widdikins is anxiously inquiring whether a hindquarter of beef should not be cooked *rear* (rare.)

☞ It is hard to believe that in the heart of an acorn is encased the germ of a ship which shall battle the storms of fifty years; but no harder to believe than that in all men lodges the germ of an angel.

☞ The uncle of the lady of the Captain General of Cuba is a model of a relative. When his niece's son was christened, he made the mother a present of diamonds worth $18,000.

☞ A French acrobat, it was shown in a case before an English court lately, receives a salary greater than the income of the Archbishop of Canterbury, twice as much as that of the President of the United States, and vastly more than any general, lawyer, or editor in the country.

ABOUT FURS—WHERE THEY GET THEM AND WHERE THEY ARE SOLD.

It is said that London is the fur mart of the world, although the climate of England is such that they are but little used. Russia sable is the most valuable of all furs and the skins are exceedingly scarce. According to the latest statistics, but twenty-five thousand of them were produced in the Czar's dominions. The prices paid for them are enormous. In New York, a set—tippet, muff and cuffs—costs from one thousand to three thousand dollars. The sable for lining one of the Emperor's cloaks, exhibited at the World's Fair in 1851, was valued at five thousand dollars.

One kind of the Russian sable is called silver sable, on account of the long, white hairs which are conspicuously mingled with the dark brown, which is its usual color. This commands a very high price, partly from its rarity and partly because it cannot be imitated as readily as the brown. The peculiarity of this fur is its great softness, and the length and heaviness of the hair. The Ermine has a value of its own from its delicacy and beauty, although it is not a very expensive fur—not nearly as much so as the Hudson Bay sable, which ranks next to Russian. As the Hudson Bay Company take their skins very far North, they are often very nearly equal in elegance to the Russian, although they cost rather less than half the amount which is given for their near relation.

The American sable is taken south of the dominions of the Hudson Bay Company. It stands third in our list of furs. Next are the mink and the stone martin. For the last few years fashion has given a value to the mink which it formerly gave to the stone martin. It has no equal for durability, and in appearance is eminently respectable—sufficiently elegant for all ordinary purposes, and has the advantage of never looking too well for the plainest dress. It varies very much in quality. The most valuable skins have long, dark hair, and are quite soft. In selecting furs, of any kind, always look for white hairs, which, in the natural skins, are scattered here and there, as they are your security against dyed fur.

French sable means any very inferior fur dyed to imitate a valuable one. It is very poor economy to purchase them. The fitch and Siberian squirrels are much used, and are just as useful for warmth and fully as durable as any other, and are much less expensive.

For sleigh robes the black bear is highly valued. The white fox is very elegant, and so is the black fox, which is a Canadian fur, and highly valued in Europe. Raccoon skins and muskrat are commonly used, and answer very well, but are not as comfortable as those which have longer and heavier fur. The old buffalo robe, which formerly stood so high, has lost its place, and is almost entirely discarded; but it certainly had merits of its own which its more showy successors have not attained.

AMERICAN HOPEFULNESS.—One of the American characteristics which most surprised the good-natured Mr. Trollope, in his recent journey through this country, is the imperturbable good humor and hopefulness of the people. He meets frequently people who are ruined by the calamities of the war. They never weep or wring their hands, or tear their hair. One man from whom the secessionists of Missouri had taken cattle and crops, and all the fruit of the labor of years, merely remarked, in a quiet way, while he picked his teeth with a bowie-knife, "Yes, they are kinder rough with me." That was all; he had nothing else to say. Mr. Trollope thinks a genuine American never complains and never despairs. Whatever happens in the external world, says Mr. T., "the *man* is always there."

SUNDAY MORNING BELLS.

From the near city comes the clang of bells:
Their hundred jarring, diverse tones combine
In one faint, misty harmony, as fine
As the soft note yon winter robin swells.
What if to Thee, in Thine infinity,
These multiform and many-color'd creeds
Seem but the robe man wraps as masquer's
weeds
Round the one living truth Thou givest him—
Thee?
What if these varied forms that worship prove,
Being heart-worship, reach Thy perfect ear
But as a monotone, complete and clear,
Of which the music is through Christ's name,
Love?
For ever rising in sublime increase
To "Glory in the Highest—on earth, peace?"

—*Miss Muloch.*

☞ A man's house should be on the hill-top of cheerfulness and serenity, so high that no shadows rest upon it, and where the morning comes so early and the evening tarries so late that the day has twice as many hours as those of other men.

☞ Provincial papers, with what truth we know [illegible] the following incident to New York, and say that it was of recent occurrence. Miss Jamieson, a beautiful young lady, by an accident in the street had a leg broken last spring. Dr. Grayson attended the patient, and another accident worse than that of the first occurred—the patient and physician fell in love with each other. Naturally his visits were frequent; and when the patient was well, Dr. Grayson asked Mr. Jamieson for his daughter. Mr. Jamieson refused, and Dr. Grayson brought in a bill for 218 visits at $2 each. As the saying is, Dr. Grayson had him there, and Mr. Jamieson, disposed to get out of the business as cheaply as possible, gave his daughter and took a receipt.

☞ A Chicago firm has just completed a contract to furnish to Captain Simonds, of Louisville, and Major Eaton, of New York, 750 tons of hard bread, to be baked and delivered in December. This is said to be the heaviest single contract ever made in the United States.

THE IMPORTANCE OF ONE MILE.

By constructing a canal about three-fourths of a mile in length, from Big Stone Lake to Lake Traver, steamboats from St. Paul could navigate both the Minnesota river and the Red river of the North to Lake Winnipeg, a distance of seven hundred miles! The country traversed by these rivers is surpassingly fertile, and capable of sustaining a dense population. Lake Winnipeg is larger than Lake Ontario, and receives the Sas-katch-a-wan river from the west. The Sas-katch-a-wan river is navigable to a point (Edmonton House) near the Rocky Mountains, seven hundred miles West of Lake Winnipeg, and only one hundred and fifty miles east of the celebrated gold diggings on Frazer river, in British Columbia.

The digging of that one mile of canal would, therefore, enable a steamboat at New Orleans to pass into Lake Winnipeg, and thence to Edmonton House, some 5,000 miles! A bill has been introduced into the Senate, which makes provision for the building of the canal.

Probably in the world there cannot be found a spot across which the digging of so short a canal would effect a result so prodigious. And, what is almost equally remarkable, the ground between the two lakes is so low and so level that, it is said the water flows in times of freshets from one to the other.—*Washington Chronicle.*

TRAGEDY IN DORCHESTER—SUDDEN DEATH OF A WIFE AND ATTEMPTED SUICIDE OF HER HUSBAND.—On Sunday evening, the 4th inst., the wife of Mr. Benjamin Hamblen, residing on Harrison square, Dorchester, Mass., was taken suddenly ill shortly after leaving the tea-table, and died in about two hours, after being affected with violent spasms. She did not lose her senses, and in reply to inquiries by her friends, she said she had taken "Female Pills," and that her husband had procured them in Boston at her request. Dr. Wheeler was sent for, and reached the house at half-past six o'clock, and remained there till she died. Mr. Hamblen confirmed what his wife said about the pills, and told where he procured them. The remainder of the pills are in the hands of physicians and will be analyzed. It was thought by the physicians that it was best to have an inquest. At first Mr. Hamblen was reluctant about a post mortem examination, but desired to have the pills analyzed. Finally, he gave his consent to a post mortem examination. He appeared very nervous and much excited, apparently by grief.

A jury met at his house, and while they were being sworn he went into a room in the second story and shot himself with a pistol, discharging it twice. Persons rushed into the room and found him lying upon a bed, and one of Colt's revolvers lying under him. At the first discharge the ball had struck his forehead, and glancing passed up to the ceiling, and then falling back to the bed, where it was found, flattened. The second shot had entered the left nipple and pushed through the lung and breast to the back, lodged beneath the shoulder-blade. Blood flowed very profusely from this wound. He said he had shot himself because he wished to die with his wife. Hamblen has not been considered a desperate man, and it has been supposed that he and his wife lived upon good terms with each other.

DEATH OF AN ECCENTRIC FARMER—BUSHELS OF GOLD AND SILVER STORED AWAY AND BROUGHT TO LIGHT AFTER HIS DEATH.—Mr. Abraham Hetsuey, an aged farmer, died at his residence in West Hempfield township, Lancaster county, last week, and was buried on Friday. After his death a large amount of specie, gold and silver, was discovered in the house, and deposited in the bank. The gold was in match boxes, bags, &c., and when counted amounted to $28,-884.41. The silver was also in bags of various sizes, and from the weight is estimated at over $24,000. Mr. Hershey was an unmarried man, but lived in his farm house, occupying a room up stairs as a sleeping chamber, and a depository for his wealth. In this chamber he kept his "iron" chest, containing part, but not all of his wealth, for besides the specie, he holds bonds and mortgages, and owned the farm of 156 acres on which he lived, toiled, and died. Since the above was in type, we learn that on Monday another "deposit" was found in the house. This time the "bank" was an old blanket, and on the contents being investigated, it was found to contain $1,400. Nine hundred and fifty dollars of this was in gold, and the balance in bonds, &c.—*Lancaster Examiner and Herald.*

PAPER STOCK FROM WOOD.—An old paper manufacturer writes with great confidence and enthusiasm of a new process for reducing wood to paper pulp, which has been discovered by Professor Chadbourne, of Williams and Bowdoin colleges. It depends upon a combination of chemical and mechanical principles, by which the woody fibres are alike strengthened and separated from each other. The process is pronounced by practical paper makers and patent examiners as entirely unique, and quite certain in results. It involves no change of machinery, and no additional expense, except for the pulp machine, which will cost from fifty to one hundred dollars. If no unforeseen difficulty arises in working it on a large scale, it will reduce the cost of paper pulp to less than one-half its present value, or to some $40 or $50 a ton. The invention is now in the hands of one of the largest and most energetic paper manufacturers in the country; a patent has been applied for, and in due time the full value of the process will be tested on a large scale.—*Springfield Republican.*

THE REPORTED ATTEMPT TO TAKE KENTUCKY OUT OF THE UNION.—During a recent discussion in the House of Representatives, Hon. Thaddeus Stevens read the article from the Chicago Times, purporting to have been telegraphed from Kentucky, that if the Emancipation proclamation was carried out, Gov. Robinson would advise the Legislature to take the state out of the Union. He asked if the members from Kentucky could inform him as to the truth of it.

The statement was pronounced unqualifiedly false.

Mr. Wadsworth, of Kentucky, said the author was either drunk or a fool! That no power on earth could take his state out.

DISMISSAL OF THE FRENCH CONSUL AT NEW ORLEANS.—The Washington Republican states that Count Mejan, who was accused by Gen. Butler of having acted as banker to Jeff. Davis in keeping the money which went to pay for clothing for the confederate army, and which money was paid over to the rebel contractor after the investigation of the Hon. Reverdy Johnson, has been dismissed from his post as Consul at New Orleans, and M. Fauconnet has been recognized by our government. This was done by M. Mercier, the French Minister, after examination of the record of Mejan's acts, and without any other action on the part of our government except the presentation of the case.

☞ It is a curious fact, that since the law abolishing bounties was repealed in Maine, nearly all the bears are killed just across the line.

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Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The receipts and sales of Flour have been large. The week's transactions reach about 20,000 bbls in lots, mostly taken for shipment at $5,50@5,62½ for fine, $5,75@6,12½ for common and good superfine; $6,70@6,87½ for north-west family; $6,50@7 for extras; $6,87½@7,50 for common and choice family, and $8@8,25 for Ohio fancies, including 500 bbls Eureka at $8; 500 bbls Broad streets mills extra at $6,75; 700 bbls Spring Garden mills, 300 bbls Delaware do, and 600 bbls Jenny Lind family on terms kept private. Rye Flour is dull, with further small receipts, and sales at $5,25. Corn Meal is scarce. Pennsylvania is quoted at $3,75, and Brandywine at $4,25 ℔ bbl. Of Buckwheat Meal the sales have been limited at $3,50 the 100 lbs.

GRAIN.—There has been a fair demand for Wheat at fully former rates, and prime lots at the close are held 2c higher, with sales of some 45,000 bus at 146@150c the latter for choice Pennsylvania reds in store. The bulk of the sales were at 147@148c; Southern sold at 150c, and white at from 160 to 180c, the latter for choice Kentucky. Rye is dull, Pennsylvania selling in a small way at 94@96c, and Southern at 90@92c. Corn comes in slowly, but the demand for it has fallen off, and prices are unsettled and lower, with sales of about 28,000 bus at 70@75c for new yellow, closing at 73c for dry lots in the cars, and 76@80c for old. Oats are more active, and about 50,000 bus found buyers at 40@42c for Pennsylvania measure, and 62c ℔ 32 lbs, including 18,000 bus Prince Edward's Island on terms kept private. Barley is firmer, and quoted at 140@145c. Of Barley Malt, sales are reported at 150@152c.

PROVISIONS.—Holders of the hog product generally are rather firmer in their views, but there is very little doing, some 2,000 bbls Pork have been disposed of mostly at $14,50 ℔ bbl for western mess. Dressed Hogs are selling at $5,50@6 the 100 lbs. Beef is steady at $12@15 ℔ bbl for western and city packed mess; the sales comprise 2,500 bbls, chiefly to supply the government. Bacon moves off slowly at 9@10c for plain and fancy Hams; 5@5½c for Shoulders, and 6@6½c for Sides. Green Meats are steady, with moderate receipts, and sales at 7½@8½c for Hams, 4½@4¾c for Shoulders, and 5½@6c for Sides. Lard—Prime Western is held at 9½@9¾c for bbls and tcs, and 10½@11c for kegs, and but little selling. Country is worth 9@9½c. Butter continues dull and the sales moderate at 14@16c for packed, and 16@20c for roll. Cheese is quiet at 10@11c. Eggs are plenty, and rather lower, ranging at 22@24c ℔ dozen.

COTTON.—The foreign news has imparted more firmness to the market. Sales comprise some 300 bales, in small lots, at from 55 to 69c for ordinary to middling and good middling quality, cash.

ASHES are steady, but very quiet, and the sales of both kind limited.

BARK.—Quercitron is dull and lower, with sales of 75 hhds at $35@36 for first No 1, mostly at the former figure, at which rate it is offered, including 50 hhds taken on terms kept private. Tanners' Bark is scarce and high.

BEESWAX is scarce, and held at 42@43c, which is above the views of buyers.

COAL.—There is little or nothing doing for shipment east. Schuylkill White Ash Lump ℔ ton, $5,50; Prepared do $5,50; Red Ash do $5,75@6; Lehigh Lump do $5,75@6; Prepared do $5,75@6; by retail do $6,50@7; Schuylkill Prepared do, $6,25@6,50.

COFFEE.—The market continues very firm, and only 800 bags found buyers at 27@31c for Rio and Laguayra, cash and 4 months, mostly of the former description.

COPPER is unchanged, but very quiet. Yellow metal is steady at 27c, on time, for sheets, and the demand limited.

FEATHERS are scarce, and selling as wanted at 52@55c ℔ lb.

FRUIT.—Prices are unchanged.

HAY is unchanged, and Timothy is quoted at 75@80c the 100 lbs.

HEMP.—There is no alteration in the market, and little or nothing doing in the way of sales.

HOPS move off as wanted at steady rates, prices ranging at 20@24c ℔ lb.

IRON.—There is a steady demand for Pig Metal at fully former rates; the sales reach 3000 tons Anthracite, taken in lots, at $30@33 for the three numbers, cash and time, and $18½ for hard Iron, cash. Blooms continue scarce. For Manufactured Iron the inquiry is good and prices firm.

LEAD is firm, and a sale of Galena is reported at $8¼ the 100 lbs, to arrive from another market.

LUMBER.—The market for most kinds, as is usual at this season, is at a stand still, but without any alteration to note. Laths command full prices.

MOLASSES is firm with but little offering or selling, and a very reduced stock to operate in.

PLASTER.—There is very little offering, and soft continues in demand at $3,25 ℔ ton, white is worth $3,50 ℔ ton.

RICE.—There is very little offering or selling; we quote Rangoon at [illegible], and Carolina at [illegible] ℔ lb.

SEEDS.—There is an active demand for Cloverseed at fully former rates, and all offered, some 700@800 bushels, found buyers at $6,25@6,50 ℔ bushel, the latter for prime. Timothy is quiet, Flaxseed is firm, and selling freely on arrival at $2,30 ℔ bush.

SPIRITS.—There is very little doing in Brandy and Gin, and prices are firm. N E Rum sells at 58c. Whiskey is scarce, little selling as wanted at [illegible] for Pennsylvania and Ohio; hhds at 42c, and drudge at 41c.

SUGAR.—The market continues firm, and on the advance, with further sales of about 1,000 hhds, mostly Cuba, at 10c, on time, including 250 hhds New Orleans at [illegible], cash and four months. 2,000 bags Brazil also sold on terms kept private.

TALLOW remains inactive at 10½c for city, and [illegible] for country rendered.

TOBACCO.—The demand for both leaf and manufactured is limited, and the market very firm.

WOOL.—There is a better feeling in the market, and more inquiry for the medium and fine grades at fully former rates, particularly for the latter, with sales of about 300,000 lbs, in lots, at [illegible] for fine, and [illegible] for medium quality. Coarse Wool is dull and neglected.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1800 head. The prices realized were from 6 to 10 cts ℔ lb. 100 Cows brought from $18 to 30 ℔ head. 1800 Sheep were sold at 5½@6c ℔ lb, gross. 650 Hogs brought from $6,00 to 6,50 ℔ cwt.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, January 10, 1863.

Alabama	[illegible] dis.	Missouri	3 dis.
Canada	[illegible] prem	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	[illegible] dis.	New Brunswick	10 dis.
Delaware	par	New Hampshire	[illegible] dis.
Dist. of Columbia	[illegible] dis.	New Jersey par to	[illegible] dis.
Florida	[illegible] dis.	N. Y. City	[illegible] dis.
Georgia	[illegible] dis.	New York State	[illegible] dis.
Illinois	3 dis.	North Carolina	[illegible] dis.
Indiana	[illegible] dis.	Nova Scotia	16 dis.
Iowa	[illegible] dis.	Ohio	[illegible] dis.
Kansas		Pennsylvania par to	[illegible] dis.
Kentucky	1 dis.	Rhode Island	[illegible] dis.
Louisiana	[illegible] dis.	South Carolina	[illegible] dis.
Maine	1 dis.	Tennessee	[illegible] dis.
Maryland	1 to 2 dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	[illegible] dis.	Vermont	1 dis.
Michigan	[illegible] dis.	Virginia	45 dis.
Minnesota		Wisconsin	[illegible] dis.
Mississippi			

BANTAM MEN.—TOM THUMB and COM. NUTT, with portraits and descriptions, in *PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.* Why are they so little?

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. John A. McKean, FRANK SMITH, Esq. to REBECCA M. daughter of Capt. Stillwill Corson, both of this city.

On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. Jos. Castle, D. D., Mr. THOMAS CONY, of Lafayette, Ind., of the 72d regt. Indiana Vol., to Miss CARRIE, second daughter of Saml. Stoney, of Manayunk, Pa.

On the 31st ultimo, by the Rev. Abel C. Thomas, T. HAMLIN WILCOX, to HARRIET L. CRANS, daughter of Wm. J. Crans, Esq. both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Geo. A. Durborow, Mr. WILLIAM C. KEAN, of Gloucester co. N. J. to Miss SALLIE K. daughter of Jos. Addis, Esq. of this city.

On the 31st ultimo, by the Rev. J. T. Cooper, Mr. JOHN REANEY, to Miss MARGARET J. BODINE, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. G. W. German, Mr. JOHN GEORGE, to Miss ELIZA J. HERBERT, of Southwark.

On the 30th of Nov., 1862, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. WILLIAM HAUGHEY, to Miss SARAH VINCENT, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In Washington City, Jan. 6, 1863, from wounds received at the battle of Fredericksburg, Va., THOMAS HAWKSWORTH, Major of the 68th regt. Pa. Vols., (Scott Legion.)

On the 3d instant, THEODORE AUNER, in his 32d year.

Killed at the battle before Murfreesboro, on the 31st ultimo, Capt. CHARLES L. KNEASS, of the 18th regt. of regulars, (infantry) in his 26th year.

On the 6th instant, JOEL M. WHITE, in his 53d year.

On the 6th instant, Mrs. ELLEN SMITH, aged 82 years.

On the 6th instant, WILLIAM M. LINN, in his 32d year.

On the 5th instant, Mr. WILLIAM DENN, aged 60 years.

On the 5th instant, HANNAH C. BECK, wife of Madison Beck, in her 43d year.

On the 4th instant, DAVID SNYDER, Sr. in his 74th year.

On the 4th instant, LYDIA, wife of William C. Piercy, in her 68th year.

On the 3d instant, Mrs. JANE WELDON, in her 87th year.

On the 4th instant, JACOB S. SHEETS, in his 37th year.

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Half Case, Paneled,	60,00
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Half Case, Paneled,	50,00
Plain Table,	45,00
No. 4 MACHINE, Large, with	
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1863.

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DAILY,	50,125.
SEMI-WEEKLY,	17,250.
WEEKLY,	148,000.
Aggregate,	215,375.

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Wit and Humor.

A NOAD TO A FAR WIDDER IN THE DIGGINS.

BY THE POET OF PIKE.

Upon the banks of a dark river
Whar the gold in bars wos laid,
Thar lives a peert and purty widder
In a hous of sawd boards made.

At bakin dodgers shees a snorter,
Keeps her cabing mity clean,
Smiles on men as widders orter,
Cepting when they're orful mean.

Her childrens ar two handsome critters,
Sweeter than the sweetest truck
That ritch folks use to eat on fritters,
When tha has thar best "chemuck."

She is more morrel than a preacher,
More dignifider than a queen;
No mockin bird can ever reatch her
In singin, that I ever seen.

Oll on the banks of Cosmy river,
Whar the miners dig the dust—
Shees stole my hart—the far young widder;
Im bound to marry her—or bust!

Old Abe Not a Temperance Man!

For occasional sallies of original wit, give us a country grocery winter evenings and rainy days, and the bar-rooms of country hotels. As an instance, take the following, which occurred in a grocery store not long since. There was quite a collection, and our friend S., who is a Democrat, and friend M., who is a Republican, had been earnestly but pleasantly discussing politics; and as a lull took place in the conversation, S. spoke up as follows:—

"M., how many public men are there who are *really* temperance men?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied M.

"Well," said S., "I don't know but *one* that I can speak positively of on *our* side, and that is Gen. Cass."

"Well," said M., promptly, "there is President Lincoln on *our* side, certain."

"*Guess not*," said S., incredulously.

"*Guess yes*," replied M., warmly.

"But you don't pretend to say that President Lincoln is a temperance man?" asked S.

"*Yes, I do*," answered M., "and can maintain the statement."

"Well, now, *I* tell you that Abraham Lincoln is as fond of his tod as any man living," replied S., earnestly, "and I can *prove* it to you."

"Well, *I* tell you that he isn't," retorted M., who began to get excited; "that he is as pure and strict a temperance man as there is in the country."

"I contend," replied S., with provoking coolness, "that Abraham Lincoln is so fond of his toddy that it is the *last* thing he thinks of when he goes to bed, and the *first* when he wakes in the morning."

"It's a confounded *loco-foco lie!*" exclaimed M., springing to his feet.

"Hold on, friend M.," said S., "what was Lincoln's wife's name before she was married?"

"*Todd, by thunder!*" exclaimed M., jumping more than a foot from the floor; "boys, let's adjourn to the other room."

A Long Prayer.—The following story is told of Rev. Walter Jackson, a Scotch Presbyterian preacher of the last generation:—The prayers of even godly men at that time were very long and heavy, comprehending sometimes a system of divinity. Jackson was notorious for length. He was attending a funeral at Hallmyre. The company had assembled in the barn to get some refreshments, and having partaken, he was asked to return thanks. He commenced in right good earnest with the fall of Adam, and was going down from one great Bible doctrine to another till patience was exhausted. Significant looks passed among the mourners; one by one they left the barn, and the funeral procession started for Newlands churchyard. When Walter came to a close, and opened his eyes, he found himself alone, and on inquiry discovered that the procession was fully a mile away. His conceited soul was chafed.

Avoid Bad Company.—The following little fable contains a deal of wisdom; and editors, clergymen—indeed, all classes in society, will do well to remember it, and govern themselves accordingly:

"A skunk once challenged a lion to a single combat. The lion promptly declined the honor of such a meeting.

"How," said the skunk, "are you afraid?"

"Very much so," quoth the lion, "for you would only gain fame by having the honor to fight a lion, while every one who met me for a month to come would know that I had been in company with a skunk."

Land in the Moon.—In a certain village was a miserly old codger, who had managed by hook or by crook to obtain a mortgage on nearly all the property thereabouts. In the same place was a queer old joker, who stuttered most beautifully. The latter was walking down the street one pleasant evening, when he saw two men looking at the moon and discussing the question as to land being there in the dark spots. "B-b-by t-t-thunder!" cried the old fellow, involuntarily, "if-if-if th-th-there's any l-l-and there, old M-M-Major W-W-Wink's got a m-m-mortgage on it!"

Had Him There.—"You can't make a jewel out of a pig's ear, anyhow," said an acquaintance, to our friend Sykdes, the other day, during a discussion as to the merits of an individual for a certain position.

"Yes, I can," returned S. "You just let me box yours, and if you don't have an *ear-ring*, then I'll sell out, that's all!"

Acquaintance dropped the subject.

Young Womanhood.—A gentleman repeated the following beautiful thought in the presence of a young lady, who was the personification of the sentiment expressed:—Young Womanhood—"The sweet moon on the horizon's verge; a thought matured but not uttered; a conception warm and glowing, not yet embodied; the rich halo which precedes the rising sun; the rosy dawn that bespeaks the ripening peach:—

"'A flower which is not *quite* a flower,
Yet is no more a bud.'"

"Or, rather," replied the young lady, "as my mother says of me:—

"'A girl that is too young for *beaux*,
And yet too old to play *hoop*.'"

Too Many Irons in the Fire.—Whenever you see a gal with a whole lot of sweethearts, (says a humorous writer,) it's even a chance if she gets married to any one of 'em. One cools off, and before she brings any of 'em to the right weldin' heat, the coal is gone and the fire is out. Then she may blow, and blow till she's tired; she may blow up a dust, but the deuse of a flame she can blow up again. I never see a clever looking gal in danger of that but I don't long to whisper in her ear—"You dear little critter, you take care; you have too many irons in the fire; some of 'em will get stone cold, and t'other ones will get burnt so they will be no good in natur."

MAKING HOME PLEASANT.

There is no act so womanly as that of giving to her home the same air of refinement and elegance which all ladies desire to impart to their dress.

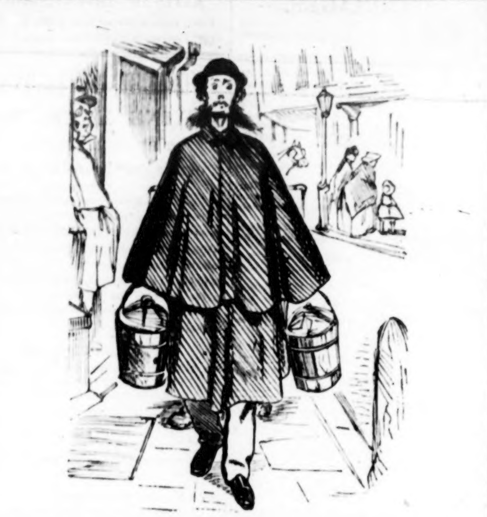
There is one thing that is too often forgotten or unnoticed, although it is exceedingly important in giving a pleasant appearance to a room, and that is the effect of light. Neither faces nor rooms can bear the full glare of light, for both have some defects to be hid—some blemishes which need softening down. Willis says that a lawn should never be seen at midday, but only in the morning or in the evening, for only then is it in its full beauty. It needs the exquisite shadows which are lost at noon. Sunshine is delightful, and *plenty* of it is necessary to health and cheerfulness. Nothing gives a room such an utterly lonely and desolate air as the total absence of sunlight; but it need not stream in at uncurtained and unshuttered windows. Let us have *enough*, but not too much. Red curtains in winter give an air of cheerfulness and comfort to even the homeliest furniture and commonest room, and it is partly because they give the light in the room a soft, pink tinge, which is peculiarly pleasant—like that from an open fire than anything else. And who has not enjoyed the glow of a bright wood fire just at twilight, before the candles are lit, while the outside world is gray and gloomy? How exquisite the play of light and shade from the flickering flame! The whole room seems pervaded with cheerfulness, and however sadly we may have entered, we cannot help, for the moment at least, looking joyfully at the Present, if we still have only sadness to hope for in the Future; and it is almost an impossibility for a person to remain cross and ill-humored under its influence. It is a trifle, to be sure. Why should it make any difference to a well-balanced mind whether the fire burned or not? But of trifles is this life made up. To return to our subject: Anything that gives a room a cold, chilly appearance, should be avoided even in summer; for we like cool, shady places, but not damp ones, where there is nothing but shade. Green paper curtains, which are often used in sitting-rooms, though not allowed in the parlors, are the very worst possible species of shade to windows; and if you must have them at all, put them in the best rooms, where only now and then a person enters. In summer, the sunlight coming through green venetian blinds, or, better still, the fresh leaves of a clustering vine, with their exquisite shadows, on the floor and walls, is most refreshingly cool; but paper shades never can produce the same effect—they but color the light. When shades are used, they should be either buff or some delicate neutral tint. Heavy green curtains absorb the light, and it requires far more gas to make a room look cheerful with them than with crimson or even maroon, as they seem to emit light. When a room is hung with any very dark paper, except crimson, the same difficulty is felt in making it look bright and cheerful; it will require either a gay carpet, or pictures on the walls, and plenty of sunshine, to make it pleasant to live in. Cross-lights—that is, from windows on the opposite sides of the room always have a bad effect. A little care in this, and a few experiments as to the effect of shading one window and opening another, will soon teach any one who has the least desire to render their home pleasant how to change the whole appearance of the room by slight changes of this kind. It will require a little time and labor, but a pleasant, cheerful room will do more to lead us to appreciate what we have in life that is enjoyable than many sermons on the duty of contentment.

An Iron Egg.—In Dresden there is an iron egg, the history of which is something like this:

A young prince sent this iron egg to a lady to whom he was betrothed. She received it in her hand, and looked at it with disdain. In her indignation that he should send her such a gift, she cast it to the earth. When it touched the ground a spring, cunningly hidden in the egg, opened, and a silver yolk rolled out. She touched a secret spring in the yolk, and a golden chicken was revealed; she touched a spring in the chicken, and a crown was found within; she touched a spring in the crown, and within it was a diamond marriage ring.

There is a moral to the story.

☞ One clear and distinct idea is worth a world of misty ones. Gain one clear, distinct truth, and it becomes a centre of light.



☞ Behold the haughty Sabretache, as he walks down the High Street, cold, sarcastic, unbending as ever, and with more than his usual stateliness, for he sees the lovely Violet and her lady-mother coming towards him.

[N. B.—The optical illusion of the Pails, so detrimental to dignity, is caused by a Milkmaid walking behind him.

Parlor Pastime—The Landscape.

Many of our young readers will be pleased to hear something of this simple invention, so capable of affording them amusement. It consists in the application of the principle of the magic lantern and the dissolving views to an ordinary table lamp. To construct a landscape, (presuming the possession of a lamp,) the ordinary globe must be removed, and in its place a cardboard box, square, round, or octagonal, as is most convenient to make, must be substituted, and into one side of this two tubes of cardboard must be inserted, after the manner of an ordinary magic lantern. Into these tubes, which slide one within the other, lenses are to be fixed, say the lens nearest to the light shall be of two inches focus. According to the relative power of the lenses, so will be the size of the picture on the wall: thus the lenses may be of various focusses, and not exactly, unless convenient, to the measure we take as the example; which, however, will be well understood by those whose knowledge of the laws of optics may induce them to make this landscape for the entertainment of their friends. Between the lenses and the light a place must be made for the purpose of inserting the slides of figures to be represented on the wall upon which the disc of light is thrown. These figures may be painted on glass slides by the amateur himself, or purchased ready for use. Having thus far constructed the instrument, we have only to hang up a sheet against the wall to make it white, and having put our landscape on to the lamp a round disc from the lenses will be shown on the sheet. The tubes must be regulated like a telescope to make the picture distinct; and according to the character of these, so will the exhibition be, "grave or gay, lively or severe."

How to Eat Pears.—Did you ever take a pear supper? Supper, I say. I do wholly reject the old maxim that fruit in the morning is gold; at noon, silver; at night, lead. I reverse the order. A melon is the only fruit to be eaten at breakfast. Pears and apples in the morning are signs and signals of a blue, desponding, heavy day! Few people untrained by pomological conventions know how to eat pears. They take them after a hearty meal. They take whole ones. They eat them. Should their selection be good, they are fortunate; if bad, they must eat the whole, or give up. Gather in your friends at evening. The tea is taken and a mere souvenir of bread. Now, while all are fresh, unstuffed and unsated, bring in your pears, seven or eight kinds. Let one man carve. Take the probably poorest first; and yet, your poorest must be good. Give to each guest a section of the same pear. Eat together from the one fruit and be united and magnetized by the spiritual essence of the one fruit. So on from fruit to fruit, and from kind to kind. Thus each one, without cloying or overfulness will have tasted of each kind, and of every specimen. Meantime the conversation must abound. Tell the great and wonderful stories of the new seedling—of the wonderful yield, of the immense size, of the freaks and phantasies, of luck and unluck in this or that sort. In short, have a real garden gossip. Pears thus discriminately and unselfishly eaten, will prove to be not the forbidden fruit!—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

Family Names.—Few persons are probably aware of the meaning attached, two or more centuries ago, in the different parts of England, to certain family names. We give below the meaning attached to the patronymics of some of our readers:

Ames—Calm. Balch—A Rope. Chapin—A Wooden Shoe. Doane—Wet, damp Bread. Evans—A She Cat. Fogg—A Rank Grass. Garrick—An Awkward Fellow. Hobbs—Shoes. Jenks—A Gay, Thoughtless Person. Knapp—A Blow. Lincoln—A Lake on the top of a Hut. Mackay—Neat, Tidy. Newell—A Pillar that Supports a Winding Staircase. Otis—A Quick Ear. Prichard—Small Beer. Quincy—Hence! Rand—A Piece of Beef. Sewall—A Scare-Crow. Todd—Twenty-Eight Pounds of Wool. Worth—A Farm.

☞ The experience of many a life: What a fool I have been!

Agricultural.

GERMAN ECONOMY.

Some of the pleasant pictures of rural life in Europe, are those drawn by Mr. Howitt. Particularly in Germany, does he find much to interest him. One thing which struck him quite forcibly, was the carefulness with which the country people save everything which can be turned to use. For instance, the roadside is not always set with forest trees for shade and ornament, but is planted with fruit trees, and these are protected and cultivated hardly less than those of the orchard and garden. Again, more pains are taken, than with us, in saving and drying all kinds of fruit for domestic use and for sale in market. Cows are not generally pastured in summer, but are kept in sheds or small yards, where they are fed in various ways. Grass and clover, refuse fruits, vegetables and meal, etc., are carefully provided for this purpose. In some cases, the women and children go out with sickle and basket, to cut up and gather grass and weeds from the roadside; the boys go into the marshes and woods to gather tall grass and even to cut shrubbery, all for the useful cow. Yes, the useful cow; for not only is every drop of her milk saved and turned to account, but her other droppings are assiduously collected, and applied where most useful.

The tops of potatoes, refuse of hemp, and stalks of beans serve as bedding for the cow; and even the rough stalks of poppies, after the heads have been gathered for oil and seed, are converted into manure for the land. Children are often sent into the woods to collect baskets and bags of moss for cattle bedding, which afterwards goes into manure. In the autumn, the falling leaves by the roadside and everywhere are swept up and stacked for the same purpose. The cones of evergreens are gathered and dried for lighting fires. While the women are tending their poultry and their cows, the knitting-needles keep constantly going. In short, the Germans seem to have reduced the Scriptural precept to systematic practice: "Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost." And this same frugality and industry, we are glad to see, prevails widely among the Germans who have chosen this country for their home. With such habits of living joined with virtue, they are sure to prosper.

FEEDING HENS IN WINTER.

The following is furnished the American Agriculturist by a correspondent:—

"I have twenty-eight chickens, large and small, several of them fall chickens. I obtained but a few eggs in the fore part of winter—not more than one or two a day. The feed was corn and oats. In January I tried the experiment of hot feed once a day, in the morning. As soon as the fire was started in the cook stove, I put a quart or so of small potatoes in a dripping-pan, and set them in the oven. After breakfast I took a quart or more of wheat and buckwheat bran, mixed, put it in the swill-pail, and mixed into thin mush with boiling water, then added about one quart of live coals from the stove, and put in the potatoes hot from the oven, adding all the egg shells on hand, and sometimes a little salt, and sometimes a little sulphur. These, mashed together, are fed immediately in a trough prepared for the purpose, made about ten feet long, of two boards six inches wide, nailed together, and two short pieces nailed on the ends, with a narrow strip nailed lengthwise on the top, and two bearers under. The object of this was to keep the hens out of the trough, and leave room to eat each side of the narrow strip. At noon I feed six ears of corn cut up in pieces an inch long; and in the evening oats and wheat screenings about a quart. Now for the result. In about a week the number of eggs increased six fold, and in about two weeks, and since, they have ranged from twelve to twenty eggs per day. The coldest weather made no difference. When it was cold and stormy I kept them in the hen-house all day, and generally till ten or twelve o'clock. Such singing over the corn at noon I never heard from hens before—a concert of music that would have done any lover of eggs good to hear."

What Farmer's Boys Should Know.

Every farmer's boy should know how, sooner or later,

1. To dress himself, black his own shoes, cut his brother's hair, wind a watch, sew on a button, make a bed, and keep all his clothes in perfect order, and neatly in place.
2. To harness a horse, grease a wagon, and drive a team.
3. To carve, and wait on table.
4. To milk the cows, shear the sheep, and dress a veal or mutton.
5. To reckon money and keep accounts accurately, and according to good book-keeping rules.
6. To write a neat, appropriate, briefly expressed business letter, in a good hand, and fold and superscribe it properly; and write contracts.
7. To plough, sow grain and grass seed, drive a mowing machine, swing a scythe, build a neat stack and pitch hay.
8. To put up a package, build a fire, whitewash a wall, mend broken tools, and regulate a clock.

There are many other things which would render boys more useful to themselves and others—these are merely a specimen. But the young man who can do all these things well, and who is ready at all times to assist others, and be useful to his mother and sisters, will command far more respect and esteem than if he knew merely how to drive fast horses, smoke cigars, play cards, and talk nonsense to foolish young ladies at parties.

Treatment of Horses' Feet.—Mr. Gamgee, Sen., in the Edinburgh Veterinary Review for August, says:—"The day will, I believe, soon come when people will not allow cutting instruments to touch the soles of their horses' feet. I have said in former papers that the wall, sole and frog are so constructed that they mutually co-operate, and that the intermediate horn, which I have shown is secreted between the wall and sole at their union, is also required to be left entire; but, by the prevailing custom of cutting the hoof, these substances, which in their nature are rebounding springs, are destroyed or greatly impaired. The custom of thinning the sole, and likewise of keeping that part always in cow dung, or other wet soddening material, under the name of "stoppings," was brought much into vogue after the establishment of our first veterinary schools."

Useful Receipts.

Taking Medicine.—If persons who are obliged to take offensive medicine would first take a bit of alum into the mouth they could then take the medicine with as much ease as though it were so much sugar.

Remedy Against Moths.—An ounce of gum camphor and one of the powdered shell of red pepper are macerated in eight ounces of strong alcohol for several days, then strained. With this tincture the furs or cloths are sprinkled over, and rolled up in sheets. Instead of the pepper, bitter apple may be used. This remedy is used in Russia under the name of the Chinese tincture for Moths.

Inkstains.—Housewives who are horrified at the sight of ugly inkstains, will like to get hold of a receipt for removing them. The moment the ink is spilled, take a little milk and saturate the stain, soak it up with a rag and apply a little more milk, rubbing it well in. In a few minutes the ink will be completely removed.

Substitute for Court Plaster.—Never having seen in print an excellent substitute for court plaster, for cuts and bruises upon the hands in cold weather, I give you the following:

Take half a dozen pig's feet, well cleaned for cooking, and boil to a jelly of say about half a pint or less—then spread with a brush on any waste scraps of silk, and we find it equal to any adhesive plaster we have ever used. Any fatty substance in the boiling of the feet raises to the surface, and when cold can easily be removed.

One of its chief excellencies is, that it costs nothing but the trouble of preparing, which may deter people from trying it, on the principle, *little cost, little worth.—Country Gentleman.*

A Good, Cheap, and Wholesome Dish.—A writer in an exchange says: "My family breakfasted this morning, July 20, mainly on boiled wheat. Boiled wheat and milk. Boiled wheat and maple sugar. Not wheat flour, nor wheaten groats, nor cracked wheat, but whole grains of wheat, shelled from the best heads, the larger the better, and soaked in cold water two or three hours, and then boiled in the same water one or two hours, or until quite soft, and the water all absorbed. It should all be cooked while other culinary operations are going on, as it needs to boil or simmer on a slow fire for a good while, and care must be taken at the last that it does not burn. To prevent this, it may be finished off by placing the kettle in a pan of water. How easy for our soldiers to have a change in the bread and salt meat rations, if they may be allowed to glean a few wheat heads, and boil the grains in their camp kettles. How convenient would this little item of knowledge in domestic cooking be to the wife of many a farmer who would gladly get up an extra dish for the tired harvest hands! Try it. How many families are this day living on short allowance, right alongside of a wheat field, or with grain stack or barn near the house, because they cannot get it ground, the mill being dried up or broken down, or occupied by 'the army,' or suffering a collapse, so that no grinding can be had."

☞ Always buy Welsh stockings; they are sure to be well chosen (Welsh hozen.)

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 31 letters.

My 13, 14, 11, 12, is a part of a ship.
My 22, 3, 19, 31, is a fruit.
My 26, 21, 5, is a part of the body.
My 23, 30, 6, 2, 12, 15, 12, 29, 4, soldiers delight to see.
My 20, 1, 25, 18, is a part of the body.
My 28, 3, 21, 9, is a division of time.
My 23, 26, 19, 7, 8, is a fruit.
My 27, 10, 17, 12, 4, 24, days are coming.

The first part of my whole shape all my readers have experienced, and I heartily wish them all to enjoy my second; my whole, when taken as a whole, is a common expression of good will. CAPT. L. B. CHESTER.

Cincinnati.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

My 1st is in mate, but not in wed,
My 2nd is in fear, but not in dread,
My 3rd is in cool, but not in warm,
My 4th is in cloud, but not in storm,
My 5th is in quaff, but not in drink,
My 6th is in thought, but not in think,
My 7th is in end, but not in aim,
My 8th is in right, but not in claim,
My 9th is in game, but not in play,
My 10th is in light, but not in ray,
My 11th is in high, but not in low,
My 12th is in bread, but not in dough,
My 13th is in call, but not in hear,
My 14th is in shame, but not in fear,
My 15th is in ill, but not in well,
My 16th is in brass, but not in bell,
My 17th is in mind, but not in soul,
My 18th is in slice, but not in whole,
My 19th is in land, but not in farm,
My 20th is in hand, but not in arm,
My 21st is in but, but not in though,
My 22nd is in run, but not in flow,
My 23rd is in truth, but not in lie,
My 24th is in what, but not in why,
My 25th is in will, but not in dare,
My 26th is in stair, but not in stare,
My 27th is in sell, but not in buy,
My 28th is in rise, but not in fly,
My 29th is in main, but not in sea,
My 30th is in charge, but not in fee,
My 31st is in night, but not in day,
My 32nd is in think, but not in say,
My 33rd is in keep, but not in spend,
My 34th is in pay, but not in lend,
My 35th is in eat, but not in drink,
My 36th is in strand, but not in sink,
My 37th is in hail, but not in rain,
My 38th is in pain, but not in pane,
My 39th is in plant, but not in rose,
My 40th is in friends, but not in foes,
My 41st is in king, but not in czar,
My 42nd is in cut, but not in scar,
My 43rd is in strike, but not in blow,
My 44th is in till, but not in sow,
My 45th is in scales, but not in weight,
My 46th is in four, but not in eight,
My 47th is in wheat, but not in grain,
My 48th is in killed, but not in slain,
My 49th is in rain, but not in snow,
My 50th is in went, but not in go,
My 51st is in age, but not in time,
My 52nd is in air, but not in clime,
My 53rd is in veiled, but not in Nun,
My 54th is in six, but not in one.

My whole are the words of Solomon.

Prompton, Pa. VICKIE SPENCER.

☞ An answer is requested.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Two circles, whose diameters are 60 and 80 rods, have their centres united by a line 120 rods long. I wish to describe another circle, of 100 rods diameter, with its centre somewhere on this line, so that it shall cut off an equal quantity of these circles. Required—Where the centre must be, and the quantity cut off from each circle? ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why does an engraver suffer less in drowning than other people? Ans.—Because he is used to *die-sinking.*

☞ In what part of the London Times can we find broken English? Ans.—The bankrupt column.

☞ What fruit trees resemble knights of the olden times? Ans.—Those that cast down *gages.*

☞ By putting its eye out, what leaves nothing but a nose? Ans.—Noise.

☞ When was Napoleon most shabbily dressed? Ans.—When he was out at Elba (elbow.)

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA—"Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people." MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA—Madison University, Hamilton, Madison Co., N. Y. RIDDLE—A clam. RIDDLE—Meal. (Lame, male, me CHARADE—Lap-wing.

Answer to Daniel Diefenbach's PROBLEM published Dec. 13th.

The diameter of the roll of cloth will be 23.9 in. or nearly 2 ft. A. Martin, Venango Co., Pa.; E. Hagerty, Baltimore; and Morgan Stevens, Iowa, answer to above 23.936 in.

These answers do not correspond with the author's.—*Ed. Riddler.*

A. Martin sends the answer to his DIOPHANTINE PROBLEM, published Dec. 20th. The numbers are 184 and 345.

I find the answer to E. Hagerty's MISCELLANEOUS PROBLEM of Sept. 27th to be—Thus the water will rise 1.0704 inches near. Second the dimensions of a similar Ellipsoid to cover the water will be diameter 3.552 inches. Length 5.328 inches. This answer may not be exactly correct, being solved hastily.

Yours truly, MORGAN STEVENS.
Round Grove, Scott Co., Iowa.

To D. Diefenbach's SURVEYOR'S PROBLEM, Dec. 20:—The sides of the triangle are 104.204.229 perches nearly, and the area 66 acres and 43 perches. E. Hagerty, A. Martin and Morgan Stevens.